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The Week.

THE week's work in Congress has been somewhat broken up by the necessity of eulogizing members recently deceased—Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hise, Mr. Noell—framing the customary resolutions, and adjourning. But on the 21st instant the House voted down Mr. Butler's amendment to the consolidating military bill, and an amendment which would have given to the Southern conventions, now sitting, the power to appoint State officers instead of leaving that function to the people at large. Mr. Butler, Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Kelley spoke in behalf of the amendment, but 112 members, Republicans and Democrats, voted against it, leaving Mr. Butler in a minority of 53. The original bill then passed by a party vote, 123 to 45, and goes to the Senate, where it may very likely stay for some time. Senator Doolittle, on Thursday, delivered a long oration against it, which is variously characterized by various journals. Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Nye, Mr. Morton, Mr. Wilson, and other senators have since made speeches in reply to it. On Wednesday the Senate debated Mr. Thomas's case. In the House, Mr. Chanler, of New York, called Mr. Julian a coward, and Mr. Julian having invited Mr. Chanler to test that question whenever he liked, Mr. Chanler signified his intention of doing so at an early date. On Friday there was debate on the consolidating bill in the Senate, and in the House a bill to prevent the payment of damages for Southern railroads seized during the war, and for lands seized for military purposes, was debated, and on Monday was passed. On Saturday Mr. Sitgraves, of New Jersey, discussed the state of the Union "from a Christian stand-point;" debate on the Prodigal Son and on Eve then followed. On Monday, in the Senate, there was more speech-making on reconstruction. In the House, a bill regarding the protection of American citizens was reported by Mr. Banks.

Reconstruction Bill No. 4, as just said, is still in the Senate, and has been debated during the week. It abolishes, as our readers may remember, all existing civil government at the South, and substitutes a mili-

tary dictatorship under General Grant. We designate it by a number imply for convenience, and not by way of exhibiting our disrespect for it, although we confess we do not respect it, and never shall, until some member of Congress gets up in his place and tells the country, in a straightforward way, why it was introduced. Nobody has as yet done so. All the speeches that have been made in its favor are simply arguments showing the necessity of Reconstruction Bill No. 1. No. 1 we supported; Nos. 2 and 3 we also supported, because the haste and recklessness with which No. 1 was pushed through both Houses made them absolutely necessary to give it effect. We shall also support No. 4, when we hear in what respect it excels its predecessors, and why they have failed, if they have failed. But we cannot support all of them at once, and would not even if our support had far more value than we claim for it. Everybody owes something, even in the most exciting times, to his own character and intellect, and we shall not stultify or degrade ourselves, or seek to stultify and degrade our readers, no matter what the consequences may be. If the first plan of reconstruction was a good one, this last one is not; we can stand by either one or the other, but not both together. We are still of the opinion, which we expressed last week, that the public is of our way of thinking, and many of the most influential Republican journals all over the country begin to speak their minds out. One of the most marked signs that things are going badly with the party is the increasing desperation of the New York *Tribune*, which already shows symptoms of one of those frightful fits of immorality to which it is liable immediately before election, and at other times when hard pressed. It calls on people to stand by Congress through thick and thin, and accuses everybody who does not like Congressional doings of crying or feeling "Down with the nigger!" There is nothing like having things made plain. Moreover, as its temper is getting very ugly, we advise the "weak-kneed" to confine themselves to their houses for a few days.

The principal speeches on the bill have been made by Mr. Doolittle against it, and Mr. Trumbull for it, and the discussion could hardly have fallen into better hands. It was begun by Mr. Doolittle's moving that in any bill relating to reconstruction a clause be inserted providing that negro voters must either have served in the Federal army or know how to read and write, or possess a certain amount of property. He supported this in a long denunciation of the whole plan of reconstruction, and by arguments with which the public is very familiar. For the benefit of those who do not know the trick by which speeches such as this are made to wear a plausible air, we may mention that it consists in a careful suppression of a long string of essential facts. For instance, the recent liberation of the negroes from slavery is dwelt on in glowing terms as a reason for not admitting them to a share in the Government; but the fact that this very circumstance renders them peculiarly exposed to oppression in various forms is carefully concealed, and so, also, is the fact that the very first use the whites made of their newly-recovered legislative power, after the war was over, was to make a series of elaborate arrangements for "keeping the negroes down." There was one part of Mr. Doolittle's speech which was almost amusing, and that was where he expressed his horror at the eagerness of the Republicans to use the Southern vote to keep their party in power, and at the frankness with which Mr. Stevens avowed it. We confess we share strongly in this eagerness, because parties mean principles and policy, and a party's being in power means that a certain line of legislation will be pursued. It is because we think the Republicans are not careful enough of their power, and, we fear, are

endangering it, that we find fault with their recent enactments. Mr. Trumbull spoke ably, and with a great deal of feeling, and pricked several of Mr. Doolittle's bubbles very effectively; but the discussion had no special bearing, as we have said already, on Bill No. 4. Why, we want to know, is it necessary to make a military officer a dictator, and set the President aside completely?

"Historicus" continues to write to the London *Times* on the question of "indefeasible allegiance," and his last letter is an elaborate charge of inconsistency against American politicians for the loudness with which they are urging on the adoption of Great Britain doctrines on the subject of naturalization which this Government has never adopted itself. He shows, as it is quite easy to show, that the American doctrine on this subject, both as laid down by the courts ever since the foundation of the Government and as expounded by the elementary writers such as Wheaton and Kent, is, that allegiance is indefeasible, and that when a man who has been naturalized in a foreign country returns to the country of his birth all the duties and obligations from which his departure relieved him descend upon him again in full force. General Cass was in fact the first American diplomatist to throw any doubt on the correctness of this view of the law, and he was not a very weighty authority. Therefore, as we pointed out some weeks ago, the agitation which is now raging on this subject should be directed towards procuring a change in the law and practice of this country as a preliminary to all attacks upon other countries. It is time that the American doctrine of allegiance were authoritatively revised and restated, and we wish Congress would address itself to the work under the guidance of sensible men who know something about the subject. The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs ought to have taken the matter in hand before now and we hoped it would do so. The Committee of the House, however, has now unfortunately got the start of the Senate, and another of Mr. Banks's great "reports" is already out. We shall doubtless before long have his "great speech." We have as yet seen only a newspaper abstract of the report, so it would be unfair to criticise it very fully. It appears to state the case between this country and Great Britain fairly enough; but, the Fenians being dragged in, Mr. Banks is himself again, and gives way to the feelings of his too impressible nature. Two passages the abstract reproduces *in extenso*, and they are of their kind perfect. In one Mr. Banks attacks feudalism and plays shocking havoc with that unfortunate institution, in the other he eulogizes the German Confederation in a very patronizing manner. We never felt really sorry for feudalism till we read his scathing exposure of it. He says "the feudal claim is absolute over the mind as over the body. It denies liberty of conscience and of thought by the same title that it proscribes the right of locomotion. It dwarfs human capacity and reason, and corrupts the nature of man and society. As a subject, the life of Bacon is an offence; as a scholar, it is the glory of his race. Shakespeare is known to the law as a criminal; in the world of letters and of liberty he is revered as an immortal spirit." Nobody who has the credit of the nation at heart can read stuff of this sort without real sadness, especially when he remembers that Congress and the country swarm with men who *do* understand the subjects on which Mr. Banks speaks and reports, and who could, if they were allowed, treat them with force, clearness, and common sense.

Supreme Court Bill No. 3 absolutely forbids the Supreme Court to take jurisdiction of any case in law or equity arising out of the Reconstruction acts, and the bill is framed under the clause in the Constitution which provides "that the court shall, in cases not affecting ambassadors and consuls, and in which a state is not a party, have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and to fact, *with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make.*" The latest commentator on the Constitution—and he is a very radical one—Judge Timothy Farrer, interprets this as a grant of power to Congress to remove certain cases from the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, but denies, and with great force, the right of Congress to remove any case arising under the laws and Constitution of the United States from the jurisdiction of all legal tribunals whatever, or to remove it from that of the Supreme Court without providing for its final settle-

ment by some other court, as this bill does. Be this as it may, the press, both Democratic and Republican, seem disposed to admit that the bill is constitutional, and do not conceal their admiration of the ingenuity which contrived it. Its expediency is another question, and for thinking it highly inexpedient we give our reasons elsewhere. The Springfield *Republican* suggests reasonably enough that the "exceptions" should be made larger, so as to embrace *all* acts passed by the present Congress. If this game of "exceptions," as an instrument of party warfare, be once fairly entered on, we venture to say that, in the course of the next twenty years, the constitutionality of half the statutes at large would be withdrawn from the cognizance of the Supreme Court. It is luckily three years before the Democrats can get the upper hand in Congress, but when they do, there will be some wonder-working legislation.

A direct attempt at inflation has at length been made in the House by Mr. Ingersoll, who proposes to issue \$45,000,000 fresh greenbacks, so as to bring the total amount in circulation up to \$400,000,000. This, or something like it, has evidently, judging from the buoyancy of the stock market, been expected by the speculators for the last week or ten days. There is something symmetrical and orderly in the suggestion, which makes it at first sight attractive, and there is probably a large number of people who will be readily persuaded that if this concession be made to the inflationists they will accept it as a finality. But unless human nature has undergone some great change within the last year, it is safe to say that this will be found to be a delusion. Every motive which actuates those who clamor for expansion now, will impel them with even greater force to seek a further expansion a year hence. By that time prices will again have found their level; business will again begin to "stagnate;" money will begin to be "scarce" (as if the mass of men ever found it plenty), and the crops at the West will again be difficult "to move"—those crops are such solid bodies. In old times, people who found money "scarce," and their goods hard to "move," had either to use their credit in procuring it, or wait for mining operations to increase the volume of the currency; but now that the whole thing can be accomplished by "running a mill," it is safe to assert that these efforts to "expand" will be periodically renewed until either the paper currency has been made worthless—that is, *repudiated*—or until sound economical ideas have worked their way by some process—we know not what—into the heads of the Western farmers and traders. God has not worked a miracle, and is not going to work a miracle, for the benefit of the West, though the prairies were twice as big, and the coal-fields twice as deep; and, the West may rely on it, it will yet come full butt against the laws of nature, and find it a skull-cracking experience.

"Carl Benson," though entirely wanting in humor, is a good observer and a thoroughly fair describer, and is not a man from whom one would expect much sympathy with, or indulgence for, black politicians. An account from him, therefore, such as he sent to the New York *Times* of Monday last, of a visit to the Constitutional Convention now sitting in Charleston, is very interesting, particularly as the newspaper reporters pursue the old plan of making their descriptions of all such bodies as this tally with the political opinions of the paper for which they write. He says many of the colored delegates were "intelligent and respectable looking men," and asserts that the whites were fully "up to the average of political bodies at the North or elsewhere, in appearance at least—the local newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding." He says, moreover, that there was nothing remarkable about the proceedings except "a little greenness in organizing," but predicts that, the negro being an imitative animal, "he will acquire all forms of political business quite soon enough." He asks, pertinently enough, of those who decry the legislating capacity of these conventions, Whose fault is it if the whites are not represented in them?

General Butler has had many odd experiences, but none odder than the last. He was challenged at Richmond the other day to fight a duel by a Methodist preacher. The cause of this outburst of ferocity on the part of the preacher was an order issued by General

Butler in 1864, expelling him, then Major White of a New York regiment, from his department for having deliberately resigned his commission in the presence of the enemy for the purpose of starting in business as a sutler in the very camp in which he had been serving as a field officer. He was vigorously kicked out of the department in an admirable order, which, for our part, we find too mild. If, as the papers say, he has since been received into, or allowed to continue in, the Methodist body as a preacher, somebody there has much to answer for. We detest General Butler's politics, and think he is even less useful in that field than he would be in command of a seventy-four sailing ship; but his manner of dealing with rascals whom the civil law could not reach will always be one of the choicest chapters in the history of the war. His administration of the government of New Orleans was positively a contribution to civilization itself, and there will never be a true lover of his kind to the remotest ages who will not chuckle over it with delight. Would that a department could be created for him to rule in perpetuity, to which we could send all our hardened blackguards, rowdies, and snivelling cheats and impostors! They would improve under his sway, and the spectacle would be highly moral, and the nation would profit by having his vigorous and active mind withdrawn from the consideration of the public finances.

The manufacturers who have been meeting in convention at Cleveland and Worcester are doing good service by concentrating their fire on the heavy expenditures of the Government, and pressing for a reduction of taxation as the first and great step to financial revival. It is in reality the weight of the taxes which has raised the cry for inflation and repudiation. They are spreading, too, some valuable documents; but occasionally one comes across curious little bits of absurdity in them. Mr. E. B. Ward, for instance, in a vigorous onslaught on the Secretary of the Treasury, utters the following lamentation:

"Our foreign trade has drained this country of its precious metals, and is still taking every dollar produced from our rich mines. It has taken over a thousand millions of our securities, and is steadily creating a foreign mortgage on our whole national estate."

What would Mr. Ward do with the products of our "rich mines" if he could keep them? eat them? drink them? wear them? use them as money—when people prefer paper, checks, drafts, and credits? What harm does it do to have the foreigners take our securities? If they lend us money at six per cent. when we can make twenty-five per cent. on it, why in the name of common sense should we not give them all the securities they can be got to take? How will that "mortgage on our whole national estate" be foreclosed? By what process? In what court? Who will sell it—who buy it? Is not this kind of wild talk from shrewd business men misleading, and therefore mischievous?

The British never can understand our institutions. The last instance of their obtuseness which we have observed is in the *London Spectator*. The *Spectator* tell its readers of the horrible Lake Shore accident of last December, when sixty people were killed. "Let us hope," says the *Spectator*, "that the catastrophe will cure American railway officials of their insane custom of locking the carriages." One would suppose that the writer really was in a position to inform his fellow-subjects how the Americans manage their railways. We fearlessly call on any gentleman who has ever travelled by rail in our whole wide country, and New Jersey, to say whether or not one of the two doors is not perpetually swinging and banging backward and forward? Does not a very sensitive man frequently have moments of agony when he feels a dull jar, and suspects that one of his neighbors, walking the length of the train, has slipped down to the track and been cut up at the rate of thirty miles an hour? The fact of the matter is—and the head of the Travellers' Club or the Resident Commissioner of the *Tribune* will confirm all we say—the American car is rarely locked except for the purpose of keeping people out of it. They lock it when it is in the depot and people are anxious for seats. At other times it is as free as the boundless continent of freedom.

The foreign news continues to be uninteresting; the cable newsman, too, has either been changed or he has lost all his former exuberance of imagination. He now furnishes hard, dry facts—not always very im-

portant, but still facts. Of his own emotions he talks sparingly, and does not describe the feelings "which prevail throughout Europe" as freely as he once did. In France, the army bill having passed, the public mind is absorbed in speculating on the use the Emperor will make of the enormous force now placed at his disposal, and somehow nobody seems to believe that he will use it simply to keep the peace. The German and Russian press evidently look for something astounding in the spring, and the occasional savage allusions to Italy in the semi-official papers in Paris strengthen the impression that "somebody will be whipped" before long for something. There is not the least likelihood, however, that the Emperor, let him be ever so bellicose, will be able to bring the new army into use for a year at least. It has to be organized and drilled, and will not reach its full strength for six years. At present, even with the Chassepot rifle—"Saint Chassepot," as the Parisian wags now call it—the French army is no more than strong enough to prevent Prussia gobbling it up in a three months' campaign. The fact has come out in the debates on the army bill that, though it was never in better condition than in 1859, the Emperor was only able to bring one hundred thousand men into line at Solferino. It is no stronger now, and will be no stronger in spring, and therefore it is not at all likely that it will undertake the task of stirring up General Moltke.

Moreover, the army bill is intensely unpopular in the rural districts. This is not denied in any quarter, and the rural districts form the imperial strongholds. The population is stationary; there are in French families no spare sons whom fathers are glad to get rid of, or even to whose departure they easily reconcile themselves. They have rarely more than three children, and nearly every man has a father or mother or sisters to take care of; there is, therefore, very little food for cannon amongst them, and when the shells begin to break in French ranks they work a desolation unknown in almost any other army. Moreover, the financial difficulties are rapidly growing serious. We spoke recently of the rapidity with which the public debt has increased under the present régime—130 per cent. The Government is now forced, after a long run of heavy deficits, to announce another loan, of nearly \$90,000,000; and, to make matters worse, the payment of the Mexican bondholders is one of the objects to which the money is to be devoted. As might be expected, the restiveness of the Government under criticism increases. The newspapers are only allowed to publish two kinds of reports of the proceedings in the Corps Législatif—one an official verbatim report, appearing first in the *Moniteur*; the other a condensed one, prepared under the supervision of the Presidents of the two Chambers. The newspapers do publish these; but, having published them, they naturally comment upon them, and, in commenting on them, say unpleasant things of various speakers. The editorial deductions thus drawn from the reports the Government chooses to consider garbled or distorted reports, and is prosecuting for them right and left. The remonstrances of the Liberals in the Chamber the ministers meet with that windy declamation in which French politicians delight, and in which M. Rouher excels. A good illustration of what we mean was to be found in one of his late speeches on the Roman question, in which he abuses the Italians for being troubled "because an old man stretches out his hands in prayer under the dome of St. Peter's."

In England, Fenianism, and still Fenianism, and nothing but Fenianism, occupies the public mind. The latest "outrages" are bold robberies of gun-shops. The Fenians have doubtless taken to this mode of stirring up their enemies in order to spread an impression that they are preparing for a desperate and bloody rising. But this, we take it, is simply a little joke of theirs. They do not think of fighting in the open field, or if they did, would hardly rely on a monthly robbery of a gun-shop for their armament. Lord Stanley has firmly and decidedly put an extinguisher on all hopes of a radical settlement of the land difficulty by the Tory Ministry, which makes it not unlikely that it is on the Irish question the Liberals under Gladstone will oust them, if not this year, next year, in the reformed Parliament. The only social sensation has been caused by the appearance of another volume of the Queen's book, which, it must be confessed, considering the condition of the kingdom, is strange reading.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

CONGRESS AND THE FREEDMEN.

IN 1865, some prominent Radicals conceived the idea that the Supreme Court might be made to do the work of reconstruction, by deciding that no government was "republican" in the sense in which the term is used by the Constitution in which men were disqualified from voting on the ground of color. The *Nation*, which had then just entered on its existence, opposed this scheme on two grounds: The first was, that the court would, if it did its duty, have to interpret the Constitution in the sense attached to its language by its framers, and not in the sense which the progress of the world in political morality makes the present generation wish they had attached to it; and in the former sense a state might clearly be "republican," and yet exclude men from citizenship on any ground, however absurd. The second was that it was dangerous to ask a court of law to extract a "latent spirit" from the Constitution. We said (No. 6 of the *Nation*): "We think the Supreme Court entirely unfit to be entrusted with any such task; we think appeals of this kind to it, at such crises as the present, are, if it responds to them, full of danger as precedents. We have already had one specimen of its legislation, and we never desire to see another. The President and Congress can do the work, in our opinion, far more effectually and with far less shock to the body politic."

This scheme of appealing to the court, we were informed, on good authority, had the approbation of several of the chief Radical leaders. We relied, however, on what is far higher authority than any of the leaders—reason, experience, and well-settled principles of political science. We knew very well that these could not be set aside for any cause, however noble, and that they would have to be followed in reconstruction as in any other political process. As no more than one opinion at a time was at that period permitted in the ranks of the Republican party, we naturally incurred a good deal of odium by our audacity. The *Boston Transcript*, usually a very sensible paper on political questions, had a sad attack of "holy wrath," and denounced us in good set terms. We had been in the course of the discussion so imprudent as to cite Montesquieu as an authority touching the meaning attached to political terms in the eighteenth century. This appeared to the *Transcript* a piece of unseemly levity, not unlike quoting Tom Paine or the "Comic Songster" in the middle of a sermon. For some weeks afterwards we received by every mail a small packet of abuse from people of whom many appeared to have a horrible suspicion that Montesquieu was a Breckinridge delegate to the Charleston Convention, and that our appealing to him was proof positive that the *Nation* was going over to the Copperheads.

We have lived to see all hope of using the court as an instrument of reconstruction given up. More than this, we now see denied not only its right to share in reconstruction, but its right to interpret the Constitution on any political question properly so called. Not this only; we see abuse and ridicule of the court form a prominent feature in Congressional debates, and attempts to shear it of all power and to lower it in the estimation of the public made a prominent feature in Congressional legislation. Moreover, we see the despised Montesquieu, for whose exposure in 1865 to the scorn of so many acute and comprehensive minds we blamed ourselves deeply, rising into Radical favor. He was actually quoted in the House last week by Mr. Bingham, who pronounces him a "profound thinker," and belabors the judiciary with him in good lusty style. In fact, we hardly doubt that the French jurist will, if the present controversy last much longer, take a place in Congressional esteem second only to the *Globe*, the "Classical Dictionary," and "Plutarch's Lives."

We recall all this not by way of self-glorification or recrimination, but for instruction and for warning, and for the justification of those who, during the last three eventful years, have honored us with their

confidence. We do not claim credit for either remarkable wisdom or sagacity. We have simply trusted to the evidence of our senses, and held on to the belief that, human nature not having undergone any extraordinary change within the historic period, human experience was of considerable value at such a crisis as this, and that politics have not been studied and practised for some thousands of years without giving out a few truths worth remembering and applying. We have never surrendered, too, the conviction, which must at times be the sole support of anybody who honestly seeks to form his opinions for himself, that the political progress of the race must in the main rest on reason and not on enthusiasm, and that very little can be done for it simply by discoursing on "eternal justice," "the rights of man," by feeling humane, and occasionally giving three cheers.

We hold to-day the very same opinions about the power of the court and about the power of Congress we held three years ago. We believe it will be well for the court if it keep out of the reconstruction business of its own accord, but if it does not do so, we think Congress has ample means of making it do so without doctoring it or playing tricks upon it. We think Congress has until very recently legislated as well as circumstances would allow, but we believe that it is now, either through fatuity or through desperation, entering on a course in which it will not be sustained by the country, and in which check or failure will be ruin. We do not care to argue the constitutionality of any of its acts. The great question now is, not what does the Constitution authorize, but what will the people suffer? Congress may have power to do bolder things than it has yet attempted, but power is a curse to anybody who does not know how much of it he ought to use.

If we believed that the great struggle by which this country has been convulsed for the last thirty years would be over as soon as the negroes all had the ballot, and the delegates from the Southern States had taken their places under any of the Reconstruction acts, or that the last great danger to freedmen and Unionists would be removed when the Supreme Court had been shorn of most of its authority, we doubt whether we should not applaud any measure, however desperate. To let points of law stand in the way of a consummation for which two generations have vainly struggled and half a million of men have died, would be wasteful and ridiculous excess of scrupulousness. Unfortunately, we are right well assured that even when Grant has been made dictator, and Hancock has been removed, and the conventions have all drawn up constitutions, and the negroes have all voted, and the disloyal have been driven from the polls, and the new delegates have taken their seats in Congress, and the regular double-headed pæan has appeared in the *Tribune* and *Independent* announcing the "regeneration" of the South, that all will not be over. The freedmen will still not be safe; the Union will not be safe; the public credit will not be safe; and the South will not be regenerated.

We have got rid of nothing by the war but slavery and the faith in the possibility of secession by which the South was pervaded. We have not got rid of the imperfection of the moral perceptions—of the hard, coarse love of gain—of the caste pride and the race prejudice which made slavery possible at the South, and which, down to the year 1860, secured it the sympathy and connivance of the North. Moreover, the victory over slavery was not—mark this—won by a majority of the Northern people. The Republican party has always been a minority in the whole Union, and, in our opinion, it will become a minority again as soon as the Union is restored. It is impossible not to see that those elements of evil in politics which the moral exaltation of the war temporarily swept out of sight are again reappearing. The decline of public sentiment on the question of the national debt, and the increasing boldness with which politicians of the Butler and Pendleton type appeal to the lower and baser motives of the community; the increasing restiveness under the business depression, and the growing reaction against the claims of the negro to equality, are all signs that the old materialism is again asserting itself—and they are signs which it would be madness to disregard. We do not mean to say that we have gained nothing by the war, that the moral vision of the nation has not been cleared by it and its moral aims raised. Far from it. We mean simply that the powers of evil are far from being vanquished, and that the old struggle with them will have to begin forthwith and

be continued year after year in the old way, and that we do not yet know how much force they have in store at the South, for the South has not yet revealed its real temper. Morally and intellectually, the new South may be said to be a *terra incognita* to us.

There is little doubt that the leaders in Congress are conscious of all this. We question if one of them, in spite of their bold speeches and bold bills, looks into the future without foreboding. Those who are most anxious that the war should bear its just fruits feel most foreboding. But they evidently believe that they can settle the whole difficulty now, at once and for ever, by a series of vigorous enactments and a strong network of oaths. In this we think they are mistaken, and the country, we are sure, feels they are mistaken. Supposing Grant made dictator to-morrow, under Reconstruction Bill No. 4; he cannot be kept dictator. The country would not suffer such a spectacle as a permanency; and once the States were restored in form, there would not be the shadow of a warrant for keeping it up. The end of the dictatorship and of the military rule must come, the garrisons be withdrawn, and the Southern States committed to the regular civil governments set up by Congress. These governments will be composed in the main of the most ignorant, most inexperienced portion of the population, the portion possessing least moral and intellectual vigor. That with this state of things the disfranchisement of the whites could long be maintained, that the whites would not everywhere, by force of numbers, of energy, of organization, again take possession of the governments, is something that one must be visionary to believe. It is as certain as anything in politics can be, as certain as that water will find its level, that before very long the whites will reassume their old ascendancy. The worst enemies of the blacks are those who deceive themselves on this point.

The whites back in possession of the State governments, and the white Radicals who are now cutting such a fine figure at the constitutional conventions having fled North for their lives, the blacks would have nothing to rely on but Congress and the Constitution and the Supreme Court. Suppose the majority in Congress to have been elected during a reaction, to be bitterly hostile to the whole plan of reconstruction as now settled and desirous of undoing it, and supposing the State legislatures of the South to attempt to regulate labor by a series of measures such as they all enacted or began to enact after the close of the war, what resource would the blacks have? There would be the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, and under it, or under the Civil Rights bill, doubtless, they could appeal for protection to the Federal courts; but suppose at this point Congress were to step in and close the courts to them, by copying Supreme Court Bill No. 3, now before the House, and making all cases arising under this amendment or this act "exceptions," and forbidding the Supreme Court to entertain them. What then? Enthusiasts, "old war-horses," and even children can, generally, tell what the immediate effect of legislation will be. We expect statesmen to consider and foresee its remote effects. The immediate results may be, and often are, trifling; the remote are pretty sure to be ineradicable, and may prove very momentous.

We leave the reader—and we may safely leave him—to imagine the possible consequences to the freedman of the South of the policy of leaving him dependent for everything on the bare majority for the time being, which Congress now seems disposed to pursue. Nobody who knows how public sentiment shifts and fluctuates, what astounding and unlooked-for things happen under temporary reactions, can help looking forward with a good deal of anxiety. We have been, and are, in favor of doing everything that is absolutely and imperatively necessary to bring the South back to the Union on the basis of equal rights, and with proper guarantees against fresh secession or attempts on the public credit. But more than this—everything, for instance, which serves no purpose but to show the power of Congress or to wreak vengeance on the Southern whites or to humiliate the President or to degrade the Supreme Court and the forms of law in the eyes of the people, we look on with unmixed apprehension. We believe them to be blows struck at the weak and almost helpless race which has just been introduced into the body politic. We believe that whatever tends to place its interests hereafter at the mercy of the

Congressional majority for the time being; whatever shows the Democratic party ways and means of despoiling it of its rights without hindrance from the Executive or the Supreme Court; and whatever familiarizes the public mind with legislative tricks and evasions, is simply a disguised mode of handing them over bound hand and foot to their old oppressors.

For this reason we look on the Supreme Court Bill No. 3, which has just been introduced, as simply an ingenious contrivance for depriving the blacks of whatever safety the law and Constitution, as they at present stand, provide for them; and, should it pass, we doubt not they will yet curse the day when it saw the light. Nothing could justify such a course of legislation as that on which Congress has entered during the last few days but the certainty that its acts could never be repealed, and were sure to accomplish their object. But those who think this are simply prophets, and not politicians; and with prophets there is no use in arguing, for prophecies can neither be tested by experience nor by logic.

THE SUPREME COURT BILLS.

SOME friends of the freedmen think that, when they have pointed out that the object of the Congressional legislation against the Supreme Court is the enfranchisement of "a race of four millions," to say anything about its expediency is a waste of words or a mark of cowardice. But this is surely a very short-sighted view of the matter. The *Tribune*, for instance, argues that inasmuch as there are two hundred men in the Congressional majority, and many of them as good "jurists" as any on the bench of the Supreme Court, it is absurd to allow the vote of one judge to set aside an act of Congress. So, by way of providing a remedy for this monstrous assumption of power on the part of the court, it gives its cordial sanction to an act which makes the votes of six judges necessary to set aside an act of Congress. In other words, it affirms that as long as five judges might declare a law unconstitutional the "inalienable rights" of man were in danger of violation, but when six judges are made necessary for the job the court becomes quite harmless. Nevertheless, it still remains difficult for ordinary minds to see the difference in absurdity, if absurd it be, between allowing the decisions of two hundred to be upset by one man, and allowing them to be upset by two. If the question be one of numbers, no law of Congress ought to be allowed to be set aside till at least two hundred and ten judges have pronounced it unconstitutional, and, if this be true, the remedy provided by the present bill is simply ridiculous.

But the question is not one of numbers, we are thankful to say, any more than one of *avoirdupois* weight. The opinions of any twenty members of Congress on a point of judicial interpretation should no more be allowed to overrule the opinions of three judges, or two, or one judge, because the members of Congress are more numerous than the judges, than because they are heavier. Mind and training are entitled to some consideration in this as in other matters; and there are several important reasons why a legislature, however numerous or however well supplied with "jurists," is not as competent to pass on the constitutionality of its own acts as any number of judges however small, sitting during good behavior, trained to the work, and taking no active part in the political contests of the day—reasons which we shall take the liberty of quoting from the *Federalist*, a work evidently falling more and more into disrepute, but which yet has some good things in it, and which will throughout compare favorably even with the burning "editorials" of our own time as a specimen of careful thinking and sound reasoning. Arguing against the project of confiding the power of passing on the constitutionality of laws to a branch of the legislature itself, Hamilton says:

"From a body which had even a partial agency in passing bad laws we could hardly expect a disposition to temper and moderate them in application. The same spirit which had operated in making them would be apt to influence their construction; still less could it be expected that men who had infringed the Constitution in the character of legislators would be disposed to repair the breach in that of judges. Nor is this all; every reason which recommends the tenure of good behavior for judicial offices militates against placing the judiciary power in the last resort in a body composed of men chosen for a limited period. . . . There is an absurdity in subjecting the decisions of men selected for their knowledge of the laws, acquired by long and laborious study, to the revision and control of men who, for want

of the same advantage, cannot but be deficient in that knowledge. The members of the legislature will be rarely chosen with a view to those qualifications which fit men for the station of judges, and so on this account there will be great reason to apprehend all the ill consequences of defective information; so on account of the natural propensity of such bodies to party divisions there will be no less reason to fear that the pestilential breath of faction may poison the fountains of justice. The habit of being continually marshalled on opposite sides will be too apt to stifle the voice both of law and equity."

Nothing can be sounder than this, and the obvious deduction from it is that there is something almost farcical in asking us to trust to such men as Mr. Boutwell or Mr. Bingham, in the full glow of their rhetoric, to decide whether a measure they are supporting with all the heat of impassioned advocates is, or is not, constitutional, rather than to the judges of the Supreme Court—in asking us to believe that the two hundred who jump up and pass bills like those of Mr. Banks on the neutrality laws last session, unanimously and with enthusiasm, are a judicial-minded body, under the influence of its "jurists," and can, under all circumstances, be entrusted with the interpretation of the Constitution.

We have read carefully many of the arguments in favor of the bill which have appeared during the past week, but have not lighted on one which seems to us to meet the real point. All of them talk of the court as if it were a council for the revision of laws, instead of being simply a court of justice, and as if all acts of Congress come before it to have their constitutionality tested before being enforced, whereas none come before it at all except incidentally in suits between corporations or individuals. "Why not require two-thirds of the court to declare a law unconstitutional," says one, "when juries in all civil and criminal cases are required to be unanimous in order to render a verdict?" Because a jury has to be unanimous to render a verdict either for a plaintiff or defendant. Both parties, therefore, address it on a footing of equality. What would be thought of a rule requiring only six votes to give a verdict for the defendant, while making twelve necessary to give a verdict for the plaintiff? And yet this is substantially what the bill now before Congress proposes to do, when it declares that in a private controversy before the court the person contesting an act of Congress shall have to convince twice as many judges as his opponent. The cases cited in a long and elaborate article in *Harper's Weekly*, as well as the case of the two-thirds vote required of Congress to overrule the President's veto, seem to us to have no application whatever to the matter now in hand. In none of them is any notice taken of the fact that the new bill affects the court in its *judicial capacity*. When Congress is required to overrule the President by a two-thirds vote, it is not sitting in judgment in a legal controversy; it is legislating. If the court were a legislative council of revision simply, it would, no doubt, be perfectly fair and highly expedient to impose a similar obligation on it.

But are we, then, in favor of allowing the Supreme Court to set aside the Reconstruction act? By no means. We think the court has nothing to do with the process of reconstruction, and ought not to meddle with it. The majority in Congress, however, does not go as far as we do; it acknowledges that the court *may* set aside the Reconstruction act, but says it cannot do it by less than six votes. For ourselves, we confess we are unable to see the value of this distinction. If six judges can undo, by their opinion, all that Congress has done, and is doing, to bring the Southern States back to the Union, we are neither reassured nor consoled by the reflection that it cannot be done by five. Every argument of the least weight which can be brought forward against the interference of the court applies just as well to six judges as to five. In fact, all that is gained by the present bill is an appearance of security for the Congressional policy, and it is gained at the cost of more valuable things than security, because it is gained by conceding the most important principle, that the Supreme Court can prevent Congress from performing one of the highest acts of legislation, an act essential to the safety of the Government, and with which the founders of the Government certainly never dreamed of the court concerning itself. With the best will in the world we are unable to get up any enthusiasm about the bill, or to read some of the speeches made in support of it without wondering what there is in the subject to evolve so much heat. It changes nothing; establishes no new principle; enunciates no old one; and, in fact, is neither more nor less than a

sharp little device—we do not like to use the word *dodge*—for getting round a difficulty which ought to be fairly met, if met at all.

But it will be said, Think of the consequences, at this crisis, of a decision by a majority of the court adverse to the constitutionality of the Reconstruction act! Well, what would they be? The President would refuse to enforce the act. Then impeach and remove him; the court could not save him. Actions would be brought against officers enforcing the law; then indemnify them, as in the case of officers sued for acts committed in the performance of their duty during the rebellion. Besides, persons who are willing to let six judges pronounce an act unconstitutional while they look upon a similar decision by five as a calamity to be avoided at any cost, have no right to ask us to provide for the consequences of such a decision. What would they do if two-thirds of the court pronounced the judgment they so much fear? Have they made any provision for *this* contingency? If they have, they are fully prepared for a similar judgment at the hands of a mere majority. By whatever expedient the one is met, the other may be met. The consequences of one would be just as formidable as the consequences of the other. All the damage five judges can do the four millions of freedmen, six can do.

If the object of the present bill be the retention of the moral power of the court on the side of Congress, it only makes its condemnation all the deeper. The court, unfortunately or fortunately, now exercises very little influence through decisions bearing, however remotely, on great political questions, even when left to utter its mind in the natural and usual way, through a majority of its members. It will exercise still less after it has been manipulated by Congress to suit a particular exigency. There is a simplicity, worthy of a miracle-monger or a medicine-man, in the supposition that Congress can secure for its policy an air of constitutionality by arranging the court beforehand with reference to particular bills. Nobody who doubts the constitutionality of its policy will be won over to it by a decision which Congress itself has prepared for the judges. Nobody who is satisfied of its constitutionality will have his faith strengthened by anything the court, thus organized, says or leaves unsaid. The authority of the court does not reside in the bodily presence of the judges, or in their votes, but in their intellect, and in their liberty and in their impartiality, and there is nothing more laughable and nothing more contemptible than the spectacle of a court claiming reverence for a decision the delivery of which had already been imposed on it by one of the parties to the cause. What makes the court formidable to Congress is what, if it were on the side of Congress, would constitute its usefulness—its supposed independence. Destroy that, and it can no more help Congress than harm it. The only effect of a decision of the court in favor of the reconstruction policy, after the bill now pending has passed, will be to make its enemies more satisfied than ever of the mischief of the policy, and lead them to work harder than ever before for its reversal.

The thing for Congress to do, it seems to us, is not to corrupt the judiciary—for the judiciary once corrupted is far more likely to be serviceable to bad causes than to good ones—but to decide what is necessary to restore peace and union to the United States, find out whether they will be supported by the public in doing it, and then do it without pretending to be as good lawyers as the Supreme Court, or as scrupulous on the point of constitutionality. Nobody is imposed upon by this, while thousands are disgusted by it. If the court had decided the war unconstitutional, the war would not for that reason have been stopped. If it had launched an injunction against Grant, requiring him to desist from besieging Richmond, he would have lighted his cigar with it. Congress maintains now that what it is doing is simply closing the war up, and establishing peace on sure and lasting foundations. Let it act boldly on its own theory of its work and position. Let us have no "cowardice," no flinching, no doctoring of the court, no flimsy attempts to wring decisions from it which nobody will respect. In this we are firmly persuaded it will have the hearty support of the public. In breaking down the authority of the Supreme Court, and making it contemptible in the eyes of the world, the majority not only alienates thousands on thousands of voters at the present crisis, but secures for itself something which not enriches it, and makes the nation poor indeed.

AN ODD STORY.

A CERTAIN State had been waging war. At the return of peace, a heavy debt and the question of its payment divided the citizens into two parties, known as the Specie and the Paper-money parties. The latter desired that the difficulties of the time should be met by issues of currency, and in a short time had met with such success as to have obtained control of the government. A paper-money bank of one hundred thousand pounds was established. The bills were to be loaned to the people according to the apportionment of the latest tax, upon a pledge of real estate of double their value, and to be paid into the treasury at the end of fourteen years. In order to make things easier, the collection of the tax last assessed and a recent excise act were suspended for the time being. It will be observed that these bills were secured by a heavy mortgage. Notwithstanding this precaution, depreciation of the bills commenced with their issue, on which the government, regarding this depreciation as sad proof of disloyalty among the people, subjected any person refusing to receive the bills at par, or in any way discouraging their circulation, to a penalty of one hundred pounds and the loss of rights as a citizen. Notwithstanding this act of encouragement, disloyalty became so virulent that merchants refused not only to take the bills as they were ordered to do, but even to do any business at all. Traders closed their shops. The loyal farmers who had pledged their lands, to retaliate upon the traders, refused to bring their produce to market. A riot took place. In fact, disloyalty had become so rife that another forcing act was necessary; and when the judges at length declared the acts void, the government summoned them into its presence to assign the reasons for their decision.

Though bills were plenty, money was so scarce that rents were paid in corn, and barter became almost the only mode of trade; and eight months after the establishment of the bank the treasurer was ordered to pay off about one-fourth of the debt in bills received for taxes, this paper having already depreciated five hundred per cent. The rebellious spirit of the people had now become so outrageous that all holders of government securities were required to present them to the treasurer within six weeks, and receive five shillings in the pound thereon, or to forfeit that amount, and interest was to cease almost immediately. The judges were changed, and, with a loyal court, the government felt patriotism to be so much in the ascendant that it paid off another quarter of the debt in the same way as before, on which disloyalty increased, or, in other words, the bills of the State now passed at the rate of eight for one; they continued to depreciate, until the neighboring States prohibited the trial by their courts of any suit for debt brought by a citizen of the State of whose affairs we are speaking; and, finally, disloyalty triumphed, the legal-tender act was repealed, and the depreciation of paper bills was settled at fifteen for one.

All these things happened in the State of Rhode Island eighty years ago. There was the same cry for inflation that we have to-day, the same "necessity" for more currency in order to stimulate industry; there was the same vigorous patriotism induced by a desperate war, and the result was, notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding, too, the fact that the Rhode Islanders had a penal law against speculators which would have delighted Mr. Stevens himself, the paper money—legal tender at par—stood at a discount of fourteen hundred per cent., and then broke down altogether. At about the same time that the Paper-money party in Rhode Island held the power of the State in their hands, attempts were made in various other States to obtain the same objects, but they did not succeed. Rhode Island was the only State which attempted to alleviate the poverty caused by the war by furnishing ready-made money to the debtors. Her reputation was, as we have seen, not enviable then, and the lapse of time has not at all improved it. Mr. Arnold, in his history, speaks without any reserve of the Paper-money party of 1786 as the party which desired to pay less than it had borrowed, and, generally, he uses terms which it would be well for honest inflationists to heed. What a dominant party does may be "knaveish" and "beggarly," just as well as what the dominant member of a household does, but in the latter case there are the neighbors and the police; no neighbors can pry in upon a continent, and no police can arrest party spirit. And there are two practical suggestions to be drawn from this, disregarding for the present all moral considera-

tions—which of the two is drawn in any given case will depend, of course, upon the education and temper of the individual voter—one is, to "go in and win;" and the other is, to sit down quietly and think a little before acting, because, though there is certainly no difficulty whatever about going in, to come out, and to come out winning, is a much more arduous task.

There is one thing about this Rhode Island case which deserves attention—every precaution was taken to prevent depreciation which human ingenuity could devise. The legal-tender act was penal, and the payment of the money was secured by mortgage, and when the judges declared the forcing acts void the judges were removed, and yet, as we have said, fifteen for one was the current rate three years after the system was begun. Fifteen for one is not so bad as a thousand for one, which had been the Virginia rate at the close of the war, but fifteen for one is pretty bad. And then fifteen for one is a fact; not a theory nor an abstract idea, the speculative result of what is called "closet thinking," but a hard, stern, undeniable fact, staring the patriotic and the unpatriotic alike in the face; and bringing misery and starvation to the honest, hard-working citizen. It was a fact which meant so much that churches excommunicated members for attempting to pay their creditors under the legal-tender privilege. It meant stagnation of business, tumult, danger within and danger without; in a word, it meant all that can be meant by a resolution on the part of a little more than half a community not to pay its debts to the remainder; and the difference between this condition of affairs and that in which a man who measures six feet declines to pay the bill of a man who measures five, relying upon the difference of measurement rather than any equitable defence, is difficult for any one destitute of a very legal training to see.

DETERIORATION IN AMERICAN MANNERS.

A RECENT writer in the *Galaxy* asserts that "nothing is surer or, it would seem, more manifest than that during the last twenty years our manners and the tone of our society have suffered a great and widespread deterioration. Americans," he says, "are to-day less courteous than their fathers were, less deferential to age and weakness, less careful in the suppression of selfishness, coarser in their pleasures, more grossly material in all their views of life." These several ugly counts make up an indictment to which we may very well hesitate to plead guilty. In fact, one hears it, and at once puts in a more or less indignant general denial. To most Americans the truth of such a charge will seem so far from sure that they will refuse to believe it, and so far from manifest that it will doubtless seem to them flatly contradicted by all the obvious facts bearing on the question.

An age which even in its legislatures and constitutional conventions begins to talk of protecting the weakness of woman by giving her an equal share with man in the government of the state; which was, in great part, at any rate, led by a desire of protecting weakness to emancipate millions of slaves; which, from humanitarian motives quite as much as from motives of policy, begins to abolish capital punishment, and treats its criminals with tenderness of kindness, would seem at the first look to be an age which would hardly deteriorate as regards the suppression of selfishness and the payment of deference to weakness in the individual or deference to the old, who, so far as deference is not commanded but given away, get deference because the old are weak. Nor at first blush would one suppose that a period and country in which intelligence is daily spreading more and more; in which, by reason of the facilities for communication and travel, the tendency of the whole population to become urban instead of rustic constantly grows stronger; in which the growth of wealth brings the attainment of refining comforts within the reach of a regularly increasing number of households—in a period and country such as this no one would *a priori* suppose that the class of people most tempted to indulgence in the grosser pleasures would grow greater rather than diminish, or could readily believe that, the population generally having become richer, more intelligent, and less provincial, the manners of the people would not be better than before.

Take the special matter of amusements and the special case of New England. The last generation had New England rum and no theatres. The average young man of the last generation, even if he lived within twelve miles of Boston, very likely chased a greased pig on Thanksgiving morning; skated or "slid down hill" in the winter; in summer attended a church picnic; went fishing now and then, and on the Fourth of July fired at a mark or went to the city to see the fireworks. The average young

woman went to an occasional quilting party, an occasional husking, an occasional sleigh-ride, perhaps to a "dance." To meeting she and her brother of course went regularly, and to go to the evening meeting was perhaps something in the way of amusement and was by no means a purely devotional exercise. Her successor goes in pretty regularly to Messrs. Williams & Everett's exhibition rooms or to De Vries & Ibarra's; each winter she attends a course of lyceum lectures; she sees Booth in *Ruy Blas* and *Hamlet*; she probably has a piano; she reads some of the books in a tolerable public library. Her brother's successor is also in the lyceums and on the committee to hire lecturers; indulges more freely than his father in the contemplative man's recreation, smoking; oftener runs in to the city theatre and less often goes to circuses, will have nothing to do with chasing greased pigs, and perhaps has more to do with a trotting park than his father had. Now, as amusements, we suppose one may properly call these not coarser but more refined amusements than those they have displaced. Not that there is no fault to be found with them, but condemnation of these as compared with the amusements of twenty or thirty years ago seems to us a mistake.

That we are no less deferential to weakness to-day than our fathers were, we hardly know how to prove. In the general view it seems that the facts are with us and not against, but to make use of particular instances in support of the proposition is not easy. We should certainly say, however, that the ordinary young man of to-day is as civil to women as his father was. In such cases as have fallen under our observation where both the son and his father are on the stage, the son seems to be as civil as his father now is, whatever the father may have been formerly. In regard to the respect paid to old age, as to parents by children, it is true, we think, that the children of twenty or thirty years ago will have to be praised above those of to-day. It is doubtless true that somewhat less rigid views begin to be held and inculcated by parents as to the degree of deference to be expected of their sons and daughters. Children are now less subject than formerly to severe restrictions, are treated more as if to them also, to their wishes and inclinations, great consideration were due. It is thus certainly with the relations between teachers and pupils. Not improbably the same doctrine, which bids fair to be still further developed, has to some considerable extent been carried into effect as regards the relations between young people and their elders generally. That such a process of change is for the worse we are not convinced. Still, it is easy to see that, judged by the old standard of what is proper, the conduct of the young to their parents and others their superiors in age may seem reprehensible.

We suppose it true that in certain circles of society in great cities, circles composed of the newly and suddenly rich, there is a constant display of excessively bad manners and that the whole tone of such society is low. That this is a widespread deterioration we do not believe. We believe, for example, that if Miss Fanny Ellsler, a lady with a dancer's well-earned European—private and public—reputation, were to come to-day into New York, she would hardly be enthusiastically received into so great a part of the total number of good houses in New York as when she came here and was received by New York high society some twenty or thirty years since. It is our opinion that Mr. Dickens, if he were to visit us now, would be received with all due civility and kindness, but that it is out of the possibilities that we should show so little dignity and self-respect as would have been shown if he had visited us twenty-seven years ago. This whether the "American Notes" were in existence or not. For, as we look at society, the Americans at home, take them "by and large," as the *Galaxy* writer says, are far less raw and provincial than their fathers; they have seen more, they have read more, they have mixed more with people of other nationalities, they have fought more and had to think more, they have spent more for ideas and given more away than their fathers ever did—in brief, the national character has been raised and dignified, and with it, we believe, the national standard of good manners. Certain persons in avenues in New York who give "cheap and hungries," are not "the American people taken by and large," and a comparison of the manners of such persons with the manners of the Knickerbocker families of the old times—of the times "below Bond Street"—the families and times and manners we all regret so much—gives no data for generalizing about the manners of the American people.

Having said this much by way of giving our view of the state of the case, and having hinted at some reasons why our view should be accepted as the true one, it remains to account, if possible, for the view which the writer in the *Galaxy* has taken. A man does not bring against his fellow-countrymen charges of the gravity of these we have quoted unless he seems to himself to have good reason. Looking about for a cause that would

make it possible, and even easy, to fall into such an error, as we believe it, we found what we think the true one. It is not to be denied that manners as a complicated fine art, as an end in themselves, ceremonial manners, are going out of fashion; rather have mostly gone out of fashion, and the remnant of them is going with extreme rapidity. Their birthplace and home was in the courts of kings and the houses of noblemen. But kings and noblemen, and all the things that belonged to them exclusively, and all the people who imitated them in behavior, and all the people, from the finished American gentleman of the old school down to Mr. Turveydrop, who imitated the behavior of the people who imitated the behavior of the king and the nobles of the good old times—the day of all of them is all but gone. It has been with manners as with dress. Instead of cut velvet, the gentleman of to-day wears Scotch tweed; instead of high-heeled shoes, he wears thick-soled half-boots; he discards vari-colored doublets and hose, and is as dull-colored as dull colors can make him. And punctilio in manners is as dead as the use of bright colors in clothes or duelling by the code. We do not, if we are gentlemen, bow so low to the ladies; nor, if we are ladies, do we courtesy so low or so many times; nor, if we are children, do we so often say "sir" and "madam;" nor do we as men so often despatch challenges as if we had all, gentlemen, ladies, and children, lived in the times which, by ceremonious people, are thought to have been peculiarly the times of the gentleman.

This we may all confess—the elaborate style of behavior is almost entirely gone. It had a grace of its own, it had a fitness, or it would not have existed. It had an unfitness, or it would not have died. We have now a school of manners different from that which had its origin in courts. It lacks punctilious ceremonial; it makes rules for equals rather than for superiors and inferiors; it makes rules for men who work rather than for people who were occupied in idleness. But it no more encourages selfishness or unkindness or meanness or contempt for the weak or gross materialism than did that other school of manners which was illustrated by the framers of the Fugitive Slave law, the hosts and hostesses of Fanny Ellsler, the business men for whom the phrase "almighty dollar" was invented, the gentlemen whom Josiah Quincy had to fight hard before the noble amusement of the theatre could be introduced into Boston. In punctiliousness our fathers beat us—beat us so badly that we have reason to be not proud, but very proud. But we should be glad to see a reasonable nineteenth-century definition of the gentleman which would put Abraham Lincoln's constituents, as gentlemen, below Mr. Franklin Pierce's.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, January 3, 1868.

THE cold is intense, and all the *gamins* of the town are sliding upon the Seine, frozen over at sundry points. The shallow "lakes" of the Bois de Boulogne are solid ice; but as in so capricious a climate as that of Paris one can never count on the steadiness of the weather, the Skating Club has decided to lose no time in taking advantage of so exceptional a state of things, and will give, to-morrow night, a splendid *fête* on its "own particular" pond, lighted *a giorno* by electric suns, and winding up, about eleven o'clock, with a grand supper in its elegant Pavillon. No one but the members of the club, and guests invited by them, being ever admitted within the aristocratic precincts of this very exclusive club, a great crowd is sure to gather outside to witness the sport. The belles and lionesses of the club, mostly Russian and American, are understood to have adopted a skating-costume of velvet and fur, destined to rejoice the heart of Mrs. Bloomer, if that bold innovator be still in the land of the living.

The old year has gone out and the new year has come with the usual honors. All the military bands of Paris, joining forces, according to custom, on the afternoon of the last day of the departing year, gave in the Court of Honor of the Tuilleries, to the Imperial family, who listened and applauded from the overlooking balcony, the traditional *aubade*, or day-serenade, supposed to convey to the sovereign of *la belle France* the salutations of its approaching successor. On the following day the Emperor and Empress held the usual New-Year receptions, winding up a hard day's work with a grand dinner to the members of the Imperial family; the Emperor, at all events, having earned his share of the good cheer provided for the occasion by his prompt response to the appeal of the *maire* of a distressed town in a distant department, in the form of an authorization to open, without a day's delay, and at the cost of his privy purse, an "economic kitchen" for the distribution, gratis, of six thousand portions of soup, meat, vegetables, and bread, daily, from now until the end of next March. While awaiting that "good time coming" when the rulers of the earth, whatever their denomination, shall devote their united wisdom to the extirpation of

the various roots of pauperism and popular destitution, it were to be wished that the unflinching generosity with which the Emperor and the Empress take a leading part in all attempts to mitigate the pressure of present distress—devoting to this end a very considerable portion of their respective allowances—were more generally imitated by their “brothers” and “cousins.”

The holiday crowding of the favorite shops has been unusually dense this year, confectionery being, as usual, the class of goods most generally in demand. Siraudin's receipts, for the last three weeks, have averaged 20,000*f.* daily; and it is computed that the quantity of sugar employed in his establishment during that time would suffice to make *eau sucrée* of all the water of the Seine, from the Bridge of Jena to that of Austerlitz! Of the amount of New-Year business done by Klein we know only that it has been enormous, and that his gains on the mass of elegant knick-knacks sent out by him all over Europe must be very considerable; and so with the other shops, in more modest proportions. As for the cheap novelties, of which one or two usually create a sensation every Christmas, the favorite ones for this year seem to be the new puzzle, consisting of two little bits of steel in the form of a point of interrogation, hooked together at their rounded end, and at which half the children of Paris are now laboring hard to get them apart; a wonderful new top which, set in motion as usual by the aid of a string, emits a number of little tops, reabsorbs the same, and does various other curious things, all explicable upon “mathematical principles,” but which fill with amazement the unsophisticated minds of their youthful possessors, and furnish no little amusement to many “children” of a larger growth; and the new doll, extensively advertised in “religious journals” under the heading of “A large supply of Infant Jesuses, in pasteboard, wax, or gutta percha, with mechanism and music, at prices varying from one franc twenty-five centimes to one hundred francs.”

The theatres are all putting the last touches to their New-Year buffooneries, in the hope that this favorite form of Parisian folly may bring back the crowd to their now half-empty benches. Mlle. Patti, who has been crowning herself with fresh laurels in all the more ambitious rôles in which she has recently appeared, is to marry the young and brilliant Marquis de Caux, one of the members of the Imperial circle most in favor with the court. Miss Harris, the English *prima donna* whom—seeing that she is English!—the Parisians are never weary of wondering at themselves for so cordially admiring, who has something of la Patti's style of vocalization, might possibly, in case of the retirement of the bright-eyed *diva*, be able to take possession of her vacant place. A few evenings ago, at the second performance of *Martha*, Miss Harris was enthusiastically encoored both in the famous hunting-song and also in the charming quatuor of the spinning-wheels. Her voice is not very powerful, but is of delicious quality and exceedingly flexible; her method is perfection; and she is altogether in high favor with the highly cultivated and very *exigeant* public of the Théâtre Italien.

Monsieur Sainte-Beuve, finding himself absolutely given over by the princes of the orthodox school of medicine, suddenly sent for one of the leading homœopathic practitioners, and has been so much relieved that some of his friends are beginning to hope that he may recover, though the disease from which he is suffering is usually regarded as incurable. M. de Lamartine, roused from his state of stupor by the echo of the rumors which have been representing him as near dying, has come unexpectedly to Paris, apparently to show the world that it has been premature in consigning him to the undertaker. He has been sending reproachful letters to the journals; and seems half-inclined to bring a suit against them for having made him out to be so ill, and against their readers for having believed them. But, however little he may like to admit the fact, the old poet is scarcely the shadow of himself. Those who saw him being wheeled in one of the little hand-carriages, last summer, through the mazes of the now defunct Exhibition, his head sunk on his chest, his eyes dim, scarcely able to articulate a word, and unwilling to reply even to the salutations of his oldest friends, could hardly fail to recall the belief of the contemporaries of Tasso, who held that the soul of the poet during the last sad years of his life had already escaped from its earthly tenement and that the outer semblance of the man was all that remained behind. Public opinion here has long been turned, perhaps too harshly, against Lamartine, mainly from the fact that, although the most simply innocent of men in regard to all the vulgar vices by which the members of the “nobler sex” so often beggar themselves, indifferent even to the pleasures of the table, never touching a card, and careless of dress as Mr. Horace Greeley, Lamartine has, nevertheless, managed to run through several fortunes, and has “demeaned” himself by accepting, in his old age, the pension recently voted to him by the Legislative Assembly. The secret of Lamartine's extravagant outlay is to be found, if the truth be told, in his

vanity. He could never, though professing the most democratic principles, forget his claims to nobility, nor forego the pleasure of making costly Eastern voyages in ships of his own, and of surrounding himself with horses, dogs, a host of servants, and a numerous train of hangers-on, who flattered his mania of playing the *grand seigneur*, lived at his expense, and consumed the fortunes inherited by him at different periods of his life, and the still larger sums he made by his writings.

It has been announced within a day or two that M. Vacquerie was about to publish a volume entitled “Faust.” The work in question, which will not, however, see the light before April, is looked for with much interest by those who are in the secret of its scope and nature, and will no doubt excite, when it appears, its share of attention. “Faust” is, in fact, a philosophic dramatic poem, resembling the immortal creation of the great German only in name. The “Faust” of Goethe is an appreciation of the past and present, under the form of an allegory; the “Faust” of Victor Hugo's son-in-law is an attempt to divine the future. Given the motive powers and inventions of recent years, the author endeavors to deduce therefrom, by analogy, the form of the social state implied in their generalization. The remainder of the poem sets forth the writer's views on God, the soul, the future life, etc., and will, probably, be the portion of the work that will excite most interest. Whatever the ultimate verdict of the thinking world in regard to the views contained in it, it is certain that the forthcoming work—for which, of course, any one but a Frenchman would have chosen a more modest name—is of a far higher order in point of talent than anything hitherto published by its author.

There is also looming in a not very remote future a new literary undertaking of much promise, being nothing less than an “Encyclopædia of the Nineteenth Century,” under the literary directorship of M. Laurent Pichat, with the rich banker, M. Motu, for godfather and provider of funds. The plan of the proposed work is still being eagerly discussed by the group of writers—all men of mark in their several walks—who have been recruited to put it into execution. Shall the new work consist of a collection of special treatises, classed by categories, or of a series of articles following one another in alphabetic order? One point is fully decided, to wit: that each collaborator shall be called upon to furnish not so much a mere compilation of other men's views as an exhaustive setting forth of the results of his own acquirements in regard to the subject assigned to his pen. The proposed work will, therefore, be less an “encyclopædia,” in the ordinary sense of the word, than a sort of gallery giving a careful and conscientious reflex of the leading personages, sciences, opinions, facts, inventions, and topics of the busy age in which we are living.

The artist-world is much excited just now by a discovery claimed to have been made by M. Charles Blanc, brother of the London exile, and author of an admirable “History of Painters.” There is at the Louvre, in the “gallery of the seven masters,” a fine portrait by Calcar of a young man with an ample flaxen beard. Up to this time no one knew who could have been the original of this fine portrait, which had hitherto baffled the efforts of all who have endeavored to provide its ideal with “a local habitation and a name.” The eminent art-critic, by a series of ingenious deductions, appears to have made it tolerably clear that the flaxen-bearded youth is no other than the great physician Vesale, father of modern anatomy. M. Charles Blanc has come across a letter proving that Calcar made a portrait of Vesale; he proves that the young man of the picture is the same who is represented in a variety of attitudes in the illustrations by Calcar of the earliest editions of Vesale's work on anatomy; into the picture of the Louvre is introduced a coat-of-arms with the blazon of the guild of apothecaries, and it is known that Vesale's father belonged to that corporation; and to crown the series of arguments thus adduced, M. Charles Blanc has discovered in one corner of the mysterious picture—too small to be seen without a microscope—the letters M. V. B., which, according to him, stand for *Magister Vesalius Bruzelenis*.

M. Accolas, who, with his friend Naquet, has just been on trial on a charge of indulging in the attempt to get up one of those absurd little conspiracies “in a tea-pot” to which a certain class in this city are so much addicted, and who has been sentenced to imprisonment for the same, would have done better to continue to devote his efforts to the work of procuring the progressive reform of acknowledged evils by peaceful means, instead of endeavoring, by means most inadequate to the end, to procure the violent overthrow of the existing order of things. He has written various works, principally on the subject of French legislation, ancient and modern, exposing the points in which French law contrasts unfavorably with the legislative code of other countries, and notably of England. M. Accolas is exceedingly energetic and active, and he had succeeded in collecting a little group of sympathizers who met every week, under his auspices, to discuss the legal

reforms to be demanded of the Government. M. Jules Favre had been coaxed and tormented by Accolas until he had consented, though very reluctantly, to allow these meetings to take place in the drawing-rooms of his house in the Rue d'Amsterdam. But as Accolas has a passion for revolutions, M. Jules Favre, fearing to find himself implicated in some such foolish proceeding as has just brought the pair of agitators to grief, being summoned from home one day when the group was to meet there, forgot to leave instructions with his servants for its reception; and the members, on arriving, were denied entrance to the parlors, the servants declaring that they could not, in their master's absence, take upon themselves the responsibility of letting them in. The hint was understood, and the group subsequently met at the rooms of M. Accolas; but having gradually changed its discussion of legal matters to the plotting of a rising against the Government, the police were soon upon its track, and the trial just terminated has given the *coup de grâce* to the association.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In August, 1866, I sent to your office a communication in regard to the Bremen Rose-wein, which in due course appeared in the *Nation*. A day or two ago I learned through a German paper and from a friend, who had visited the "Rathskeller," some items in relation to the subject that may be of interest to the readers of your paper.

The oldest Rheinwein in the "Rose" of the "Rathskeller" in Bremen is said to have been made in 1624, and a newer kind in 1668. Six hogs-heads cost originally 300 thalers in gold. Adding to this sum compound interest, and allowing 10 per cent. per annum during 192 years for leakage and refilling, the value in 1860 would be 5,752,000,000 thalers per hogs-head. Each bottle would be of the value of 22 million thalers; each glass (eight glasses to the bottle), $2\frac{1}{2}$ million thalers; and each drop (1,000 drops to the glass), 2,750 thalers.

The vault is decorated by a rose painted on the ceiling. Notwithstanding the above figures, my friend assured me that a bottle of Rose-wein can be bought in the cellar for the sum of $2\frac{1}{2}$ thalers gold; the wine has rather an unpleasant taste, owing to its extreme age.

In connection with this subject it may be proper to state that near the "Rosezimmer" is a room so constructed that in it the lowest whisper can be distinctly heard in an opposite corner. This room is known as "das Schallzimmer."

PHILADELPHIA, January 9, 1868.

C. M., Jr.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE meagre show of advertisements in the journals devoted to "the trade" admonish us that business among publishers is dull. J. B. Lippincott & Co. intend to issue "Poems," by J. B. Everhart, and we believe that besides this there is nothing in the list of books to be published by this house of which we have not already informed our readers.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have in press a new novel by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, "The Disputed Birthright," and another, called "My Son's Wife," by the author of "Caste."—G. W. Carleton & Co. find the first edition of "Laus Veneris" exhausted, and will soon publish the second; and they announce, also, a new book by Mrs. Parton (Fanny Fern).—Lindsay & Blakiston announce new editions of several works known to the medical profession, "Birch's Constipation," Duncan's "God in Disease," an enlarged and revised edition of Hewitt's "Diagnosis, Pathology, and Treatment of the Diseases of Women," and Basham's "Dropey."—Little, Brown & Co. have in press a fourth volume of Everett's "Orations," which will contain addresses on the characters of Washington and Franklin; panegyric pieces on Thomas Dowse, Webster, Choate, Prescott, Humboldt, Hallam, Irving, Quincy, Felton, and others; the address on the conduct of the war which Mr. Everett delivered sixty times during 1861 and 1862, and many patriotic speeches delivered during the last three or four years of Mr. Everett's life. The same house announce as now ready the second and third editions of a revised edition of "Greenleaf on Evidence," edited by the Honorable I. F. Redfield.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton, of Broome Street, announces that he will shortly offer for sale a very fine private library which has been put into his hands for disposal. It is the property of a gentleman who spent some years and

much money in collecting it, and that he collected with knowledge and taste the catalogue makes evident. Catalogues, by the way, will soon be ready for general circulation, and will be sold at half a dollar apiece. Among the choice things in the collection is a copy of Béranger's "Chansons"—the author's copy, with the suppressed "Chansons" in his own handwriting. Another is the original manuscript of "Hunted Down," a short story by Dickens, which, if we do not forget, was sent to Mr. Bonner simultaneously with its publication in London. Another is the original manuscript of Cooper's "Life of Sommers." There are also complete large-paper editions of most of the French classics; of Webster, Franklin, Adams, Bancroft, Irving, and Sparks among American authors; a copy of the original edition of Chapman's "Homer" and of the "Paradise Lost" and of the first Geneva version of the Bible; large-paper copies of Massinger, of Middleton, of Dodsley's collection of old plays, of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," of all Dibdin's works, and of many other works of standard value or of peculiar value and interest. Mr. Bouton promises a feast to the connoisseur in fine bindings who shall give the library an examination. Wright, Rivière, Pratt, Matthews, Silani, Grieve, David, Pettit, Bedford, Aliò, and other celebrated workmen in this line are represented by some of their best handiwork. In every case, Mr. Bouton says—and he is something of an authority—the best edition was secured by the collector without regard to cost, and the library contains many of the choicest bibliographic gems which were disposed of by auction or at private sales during the time of its collection.

—The English Wesleyan Conference are about to publish, by subscription, the entire poetical works of Charles Wesley, never hitherto collected. The edition will comprise not only the verses printed by him in his lifetime, which are scattered through over thirty distinct volumes and tracts, all of them now more or less scarce, but also a great mass of hymns, etc., which he left in MS., and which have not yet seen the light. The Conference purchased these last from the author's family long ago, but have never made use of them till now. Of them alone there is enough to fill four volumes. The whole of the poems (with the few by John Wesley) will be included in about twelve volumes crown octavo, with introductory and historical notices; Dr. Osborn, we believe, is the appointed editor. The subscription price is two guineas for the twelve volumes; subscriptions to be received through any of the Wesleyan ministers. Six volumes are promised during the present year. The price to non-subscribers is set at 4s. 6d. per volume.

—We have looked over with some curiosity and pleasure the second number of an American paper printed in Shanghai, and called the *Shanghai News-Letter*. Among the "Local Items," we see it stated that a band of robbers climbed over the city wall a short time ago and looted some jewellers' and pawn-shops, and got away all clear—a story that in some, at any rate, of its particulars sounds strange to American ears when told by a fellow-citizen. And we learn that a raid was recently made at Tch-hein's instigation on some houses at Honque, and another on some other houses in Sungkiang, and rubies and jewellery were found on the persons of certain Chinamen. "It is likely to be 'heads off' in this case," the reporter adds. On the 11th instant, the *News-Letter* says, the Chinese steamer *Nora Creina* came back from a cruise against the pirates, having burnt, during her absence, some forty junks. And it appears that the barbarian sport of boat-racing not only has been introduced but flourishes in the waters of the Flowery Kingdom. An English eight-oared boat has recently avenged the English defeat of last year by defeating an American eight in a boat of which the stroke-oar was pulled by a barbarian from Boston, Mr. A. A. Hayes. Victors and vanquished, after the regatta was over, flouted the Son of Heaven in his own realm by uniting in a song of which this is an insolent stanza:

"And for many coming years may there be no doubts or fears
To mar our perfect Union and Alliance.
Only in such wars as these may we strive on lands and seas,
And then my Boys we'll bid the world—Defiance."

We learn, too, that Viceroy Le, who is fighting rebels at Shantung, would gladly employ in the field two American telegraphers, but is restrained by the jealousy of the other viceroys, and by the cabinet at Peking. So the *News-Letter* goes on, printing American ideas and advertisements in Cathay in a manner that somewhat confounds the imagination, showing us vividly the New World in contact with the Old, and suggesting thoughts of the opportunities that are waiting for Americans in the oldest of Old World empires.

—The English magazines of to-day are very much more able than they have ever been before. Macaulay, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Wilson, De Quincey are not writing for them; but even if we admit that these

men—some of whom, whatever they may be as names in the literary history of their generation, are as writers but very little read—were greater in literature than any half dozen men who now write for the periodicals, still one has only to turn back to the quarterly reviews and monthly magazines in which their articles were printed in order to see that the greater number of their contributors were men in every way inferior to the contributors to the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, the *Cornhill*, the *Chronicle*, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and even the *Edinburgh*, *Blackwood's*, the *North British*, and the *Quarterly*. So, also, of the daily press of Great Britain, and, without being familiar with the periodical literature of the European continent, we are not afraid of misleading anybody, or of being contradicted, when we say that what is true of the English periodical press is true of the Continental. There is, then, a wide range of valuable reading from which conductors of eclectic magazines and papers—paste-pot-and-scissors magazines and papers they have been called by people who looked only at the worst side of them—may select matter for their readers. Perhaps the range is so wide that there is a chance of life for more eclectics than are now in the field. Recently, we have had the *New Eclectic*, published at New York and Baltimore, and the *Week*, published at New York. There were already in flourishing existence *Every Saturday*, the *Eclectic*, and *Littell's Living Age*. The *Living Age* is, to our taste, the best of them all—a little heavier, perhaps, than *Every Saturday*, or a little less light, but evidently managed by a person who either knows what is valuable in contemporary magazine literature or knows where to go for good advice. The *Eclectic* we might perhaps think almost as good as the *Living Age*, if it were not that it has a habit of occasionally publishing editorial articles which, so far as we recollect, are not perfectly, but tolerably, good specimens of feeble thinking and bad writing. *Every Saturday* is meant for passengers by rail and steamboat, and its managers cater very well to the tastes of the better class of railroad and steamboat passengers, and not seldom print articles that deserve more serious consideration. Of the *New Eclectic* there have been published but two numbers, so that it is not yet time to speak certainly of its character. Its selections seem, so far, to have been made by persons of some taste, but, without knowing anything about the prosperity of the old *Eclectic*, we should say that the new one is so nearly the same that the old one must die or the new one will be obliged to seek a fresh field of operations. The *Week*, also, is so new that to criticize it would be unfair. It differs from its brethren in this, that it is mainly devoted to politics, and aims to give opinions on all sides of every important political question. This well done will, we should think, make the paper valuable to those persons who, caring nothing for ordinary news and something for the condition of parties, are too busy to read the daily papers. Foreign politics, too, are to find a place in the work, and it will contain dramatic, musical, religious, scientific, and art news. For the very general reader who likes a little of everything and not much of anything, the *Week* will be, if it keeps on as well as it has begun, a pleasant and useful paper. It is a matter of wonder that some one does not establish a daily paper of the same character. It should be published in the evening, of course, and perhaps its scope ought not to be so wide as that of the *Week*—ought not, that is, to be so wide as regards the ground covered in every number. In some respects it would have to be a little wider, perhaps. Perhaps original articles might well be admitted. But an evening paper which should do in America what the *Pall Mall Gazette* does in England, which should give the reader as he goes home in the afternoon a digest of everything that all the partisan papers have said in the morning, which should give all such news of the day as is not in most people's eyes trivial, and should add to this an account of the condition of the markets, some literary matter, some dramatic news, and so on, could hardly fail to be a success. We have now in New York no evening paper not a party paper which is not of a very slight sort.

—The work of Von Martius on the ethnology of our continent, to which we lately referred, has for its full title "Contributions to the Ethnography and Philology of America, especially of Brazil." As its author is now nearly seventy-five years old, we may probably regard it as the final fruit of the famous journey of Spix and Martius, undertaken in the years 1817-20, the general account of which, and the detailed workings-out of its botanical results, are so well known to the literary and learned world. The central and chief part of the work is a detailed account of the Indian tribes of Brazil and its vicinity, of their distribution, connections, habits, history, numbers, and so on. Besides his own observations and collections, the author has turned to account whatever was accessible to him, including the information gleaned by a long-continued and extensive correspondence. His combinations and inferences seem sometimes a little venturesome; but it

is very difficult to avoid erring in this direction where the field is so wide and the materials are so scanty. The second volume is made up of vocabularies, larger and smaller, of a great number of dialects—the basis, in part, on which the conclusions of the other are founded. The whole is led off with two dissertations, prepared and delivered on special occasions many years ago. The one groups together the jural usages of the South American natives, their customs that bear upon the conditions of social and public life. The other, on the past and future of the American race, ought, in virtue of its subject, to be the most directly interesting and enjoyable part of the whole work; but we have found it on some accounts the least satisfactory. It shows us the author as having begun and long pursued his journeyings under the dominion of a very Rousseauish theory respecting our aborigines, as a new and childlike branch of humanity, characterized by simplicity and innocence; and then we see him aroused from his delusion by a curious occurrence which he relates with much naïveté, and suddenly converted to the opposite and equally baseless persuasion that they are the worn-out relics of communities once more powerful and highly cultivated. Something of the tendency to discover traces of ancient grandeur and present decay where they probably do not exist is perceptible throughout the work; yet this is, as we doubt not, one of the most valuable and trustworthy contributions yet made to American ethnology.

—M. Perdonnet, of Paris, once wrote a small volume on railways and contracted for its publication with M. Eugene Lacroix, who is perhaps best known, on this side of the water at any rate, by his title of Bibliophile Jacob. Each edition of the book, said the contract, was to consist of 1,500 copies. An edition was exhausted each year, and it was the custom to send the proofs through the publisher to the author. M. Perdonnet one day found in the proof-sheets an error which he tried to explain to the printer, but in vain; so he took it to the printing-office with intent to talk about it to the workmen. They stared at him with astonishment—the proofs were not from their office, they said; they knew nothing about them. It was M. Perdonnet's turn to be astonished. He began to make enquiries. To make a long story short, he discovered that Bibliophile Jacob was in the habit of publishing in Paris the 1,500 copies provided for by the contract, and of publishing thousands of other copies which he printed at provincial presses. Jacob was brought before the courts and had to pay damages. Doubtless this is the only case of the kind. The trusting confidence of authors and the transparency and honesty of publishers are well known. Seriously, though, it is probable that authors in France are not mistaken in leaving their interests in the hands of their publishers; English authors do so as a rule, and American authors do so almost without exception. Still, one does not blame George Sand for employing an agent to attend to such matters. Nor does one wonder that in Paris there has been formed a Dramatic Authors' Association, which publishes plays, and which has to some extent injured the business of Michel Lévy & Brothers, who have long held the monopoly of publishing dramatic works. Its career, so far, has been successful, more successful doubtless than would be that of any association of authors of another kind who should attempt to dispense with a publisher. It costs but little to put a play in type, and if a play has already been applauded on the stage there is a sure sale for a certain number of copies. There have been in Paris librettos of operas which have been sold to the extent of 70,000 copies, and dramas of which there have been sold more than 100,000 copies. And on an average it may be set down as certain that collectors, spectators, dramatic agents, and managers of provincial theatres will buy 300 or 350 copies of any play that has succeeded on the Parisian stage. But \$25 covers the cost of 1,000 copies of a one-act play, \$40 of a play in two acts, \$63 of a play in five acts, and the entire cost is covered if 300 copies are bought. The rest is clear profit. So there can hardly be a loss upon the publication of dramatic works. With books of other kinds the case would be very different. So, as is evident, the Dramatic Authors' Association, which publishes for the author, finds it not hard to succeed, and, at the same time, give more money to the author than Messrs. Lévy, who have hitherto monopolized the business, have felt willing to give. As the first instance of co-operation on the part of the *genus irritabile*—the first instance that we have heard of—the experience of this Parisian association is interesting. It is hardly to be called an experience promising good to the whole fraternity of writers wherever found. In this country, for example, an association of authors which should go into the publishing business would soon die. An indefinite number of "Something, and Other Poems," as Mr. Brister says, would speedily kill it, or else it would fall to exercising the publisher's function of finding out what literature would probably pay for publication, and so would fail of attaining the end of such associations—bringing books before the

reader through a channel of publicity less expensive to the author than that which the ordinary publisher now offers. For the facts in regard to the French association which we have set down in this note, we are indebted to the Paris correspondent of the *Publishers' Circular*—a writer whose letters are always valuable and interesting.

GENERAL GREENE.*

THE life of General Greene is, we are told, the realization of a dream of early youth. A work written in this spirit by any one, and upon any subject, could hardly fail to have some interest and value—still less when the writer is one of the foremost literary men of the country, and the subject the chief military hero of the Revolution next to Washington. Not without reason, then, does the author venture to hope for his production "a life beyond my own;" his book is at once a welcome contribution to American literature, a valuable historical record, and the needed memorial of a distinguished man about whom too little is known.

"The life of General Greene," we are told, "falls by a natural division into two parts; the first of which is strictly biographical, the second historical." In the present volume we have the biography—the years of preparation for the great work in which he was the chief actor—"Greene's thoughts and feelings, the growth of his mind and the formation of his character, compose the picture." This "psychological study" is very successful. We are made personally acquainted with his mind and character, not by any labored analysis of the biographer, but by his own energetic actions, thoughtful writing, and judicious counsels; and if we do not recognize the over-sanguine nature, too readily despondent and as readily flushed by "the illusions of inexperience," of Mr. Bancroft's last volume, it is not for lack of materials on which to form a judgment. Nor do we learn to know Greene alone, but his associates and surroundings. His home at Potowhommet—a genuine bit of New England—is made almost as familiar as if we had known it in person; and in every scene of military life the writer has the skill to place himself and his reader in close relations with his hero. Nowhere is this more finely done than in the description of the camp life at Valley Forge, p. 564.

There is, no doubt, more correspondence on purely military topics than the general reader needs—not too much, perhaps, for the historical student. Perhaps, too, there are times when our author fails to make it certain that Greene was not too sanguine. It surely is not necessary for his fame to prove that he did not make a mistake in advising Fort Mifflin to be held. It was, at any rate, an open question—Washington himself felt in doubt—and if the issue proved that his first judgment was right, he yet had not himself felt decided enough to feel inclined afterwards to throw the responsibility upon his lieutenant, even if his magnanimity had not forbidden this. But Professor Greene has done wisely in taking no notice whatever of the ungenerous insinuations of Bancroft's history; the name of that historian is not once mentioned. Only we have the full correspondence from which garbled extracts are given in that work; and, what is more important still, we have the most constant and convincing evidence of the esteem and confidence reposed by Washington in General Greene—and if Washington was satisfied, we may well be.

Besides the Fort Mifflin affair, the only serious charge made by Mr. Bancroft is with regard to Greene's late arrival at Germantown, and this is rather an insinuation than a charge straightforwardly made. But in his numerous citations on this point he neglects to refer to Pickering's journal, which must have been accessible to him, which says, without a word of censure (and Pickering was a sharp and fearless critic), "I understood that the guide of the left wing mistook the way"—a not unnatural nor uncommon occurrence.

In a review of this life of Col. Pickering, a few weeks ago, we spoke of a certain "hardness towards Washington" noticed by the biographer as inexplicable. The biographer thought fit, however, to omit a very characteristic anecdote touching on this point, which Prof. Greene, more judiciously as we think, gives, p. 468:

"On one of those dreary nights," writes Pickering, "as the army marched upwards on the eastern side of the Schuylkill, in its rear I fell in with General Greene. We descended the bank of Perkiomen creek together, and while our horses were drinking, I said to him: 'General Greene, before I came to the army I entertained an exalted opinion of General Washington's military talents, but I have since seen nothing to enhance it.' I did

not venture to say it was sensibly lowered, though that was the fact; and so Greene understood me, for he instantly answered in these words precisely: 'Why, the General does lack decision; for my part, I decide in a moment.'"

Nothing is gained, we think, by suppressing such anecdotes as this. We surely do not need to be told that Washington was not faultless; nor is it any disparagement to either him or Greene that in the second year of the war there did not exist that almost superstitious reverence for him which we have learned to feel.

This faithfulness to the record is a marked characteristic of the book. General Greene's grammar is at all times faulty, but is left as he wrote it: so that we have such sentences as this (p. 98): "Many officers blames me for being so silent upon the occasion, and thinks I don't do justice to the colony." Nor is his letter to his wife omitted (p. 406), advising her to improve her spelling before coming to the camp.

We noticed in Pickering's letters frequent complaints of lack of public spirit and morality, and of the inefficiency of Congress. In this volume, which covers a part of the same ground, we find the same complaints—less severe and frequent perhaps, as Greene was a less critical person than Pickering. We do, however, obtain in this volume a stronger picture than the other gives us of the inefficient administration of Congress, so strong and apparently so well-founded as to make our Congress during the late rebellion appear by comparison a model of energy and wisdom. And we suspect that this was true. It was partly owing to the weakness of the Federal Government (which indeed did not in strictness exist at this time), partly to an actual degeneracy in the second Congress by the withdrawal of able men, and partly, as we believe, to a real inferiority in the average of the community then as compared with the present day.

The two years and a half of the war comprised in the volume before us have many analogies with the same period in the beginning of our late war in circumstances which account in some degree for the evils complained of. It was experimental—made up of illusions, miscalculations, and blunders, a severe but wholesome school. But we fear it was true, as our author says, that while the army learned from the lessons of experience, the civil leaders refused to do so until after still more bitter experience. In the war of the rebellion, on the other hand, Congress was nowise backward in learning all that experience taught.

Professor Greene's judgment, indeed, would warrant an even stronger contrast. "It is the greatest of all absurdities," he says, in a note to page 411, "to represent the Revolution as the work of either the people or of Congress; it was the work of a few leading men who inspired confidence and awakened enthusiasm in spite of the errors of Congress and the shortcomings of the people. But for the reverence inspired by Washington, the people would have failed the Congress and Congress the people. But for the sustaining sympathy of Greene, Sullivan, Schuyler, Knox, Hamilton, the two Morrisses, and a few more, both civilians and soldiers, Washington would have sunk under the burden of responsibility and labor." This, then, was an aristocratic revolution—a revolution carried through by a few men! And we know that aristocracy was the prevailing sentiment, and the institutions of the time had an aristocratic basis. How different from the revolution of our democratic days, in which it was the determination of the masses that pushed soldiers and statesmen—often against their will—to the auspicious result!

It would be hardly worth the while to notice one or two instances of what we might deem defective rhetoric in a style which is generally so calm and well sustained or a few cases in which the connection of events is not made sufficiently clear. We will, however, remark that in so detailed and vivid descriptions of battles, plans of the ground would have been very serviceable, especially for the battle of Brandywine. It is to be hoped that these will not be omitted in the subsequent volumes.

HINTON'S HISTORICAL COSTUMES.*

MODERN writers upon the fine arts, a race who differ very widely among themselves, seem to agree pretty well in this, that modern figure painting is not of absorbing interest, nor capable of giving delight to anybody, either painter or spectator. About the causes of this unfortunate condition of things these writers again differ widely among themselves, but are found to agree again in this, that modern costume is one reason, and a potent one. The painters themselves, not often gifted with power of coherent speech, act at least as if they agreed with the critics. The French classical painters—whom Hamon shall represent for us—avoid modern costume by

* "The Life of Nathaniel Greene, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution. By George Washington Greene, author of 'Historical View of the American Revolution.' In three volumes. Vol. I." New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867.
† Pickering's Life, Vol. I., p. 167.

* "Select Historical Costumes, compiled from the most Reliable Sources. By Henry L. Hinton." New York: Wykooop & Sherwood. 1868.

the adoption for all their figures of a light drapery of semi-Grecian character, not displaying much of the dressmaker's art, not very credible as garments for the working day, not very well adapted for "northern climes and British ladies," nor for the uses of any other than a strictly ideal "Jardinière" or "Girl feeding chickens." They gain what they seek, placid grace, unity of conception, harmony; and for these they sacrifice possibility as willingly as they give up richness and brilliancy of color. The English realists, caring less for beauty of line than for fulness of meaning and truth to the facts, paint modern life in modern costume. More than any one painter, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, is an example of this close confinement of the imagination within the limits of the actual; a master of the nude form, and the most inventive of modern designers in pure sculpture, he is not less careful of Tennyson's knotted cravat and coat tight-buttoned across a broad chest than of Tennyson's clusters of hair; but even he is glad of the chance to model little "Constance in her night-gown," and took the order for a statue of Bacon for Oxford with, probably, a feeling of gratitude for the possibility of a long furred gown.

The painters of the school of art to which Woolner belongs, though staunch in their principles of putting modern men in modern dress, are fond of a subject which will give them a better chance. One of the most prominent men of the school, John Everett Millais, is best known by his studies of the past—Huguenots of the sixteenth century and Cavaliers of the seventeenth; another one, Holman Hunt, has drawn his most important pictures, with a single exception, from the East and from Oriental life, taking his subjects from the sacred history, but his costumes and accessories and "local color" from the little-changing East as he saw it in the nineteenth century. And if we look at other painters, who are neither English students of the actual nor French students of the classical, we find the powerful ones doing either as Hunt does or else Millais does. Gérôme, probably, does not head or represent a "school," for his work is not artistic enough to satisfy artists, even badly taught artists, if they are taught art at all; but he is one of the most prominent of those who have gone to the East for a satisfaction which modern Europe will not afford. And Henry Leys, of Antwerp, leads the Continental mediævalists who seek material for beautiful art in a careful study of the rich, varied, often whimsical, but as often noble, and always picturesque, dress of the people of Western Europe during their great age of decorative art, which we roughly put at from A.D. 1200 to 1550.

To go abroad for subjects or inspiration is not exactly the right way for painters to work; for painters, to succeed truly, must paint what they thoroughly understand and have sympathized with from childhood, unless they become acclimated abroad, when they may possibly succeed in painting the life of the people of their own time in foreign lands, as Gérôme and Holman Hunt have done in different ways. But to live among the people of the past, and set them once more in motion, to animate the simulacra arrayed before us by Froissart and De Joinville, is not possible—at least, it has not yet been done, and probably it cannot be. Pictures of the past must continue to be like histories of the past, mere record, not life, and hardly drama. The drama must be of the present; no matter what antiquated names you give your puppets, the voice that speaks for them must speak from a modern intelligence.

Of the two uses to which this little book is devoted, namely, of furnishing material for masqueraders and the getters-up of fancy balls and tableaux, and of giving suggestions to artists, the former is the more important. Some good may come of "fancy dresses," but none, we think, of mediævalism in art, more especially in a country where the past has no hold whatever. If any good comes from the book at all, it will be in helping those who are, or, under favorable circumstances, would be, artists in dress. The absolute rule of fashion smothered all love and all capacity for the art of dress. Once in five or six seasons a woman has a chance to wear beautiful stuffs—but within six months they have become no longer admissible. Once in about as long a time fashion allows a not ungraceful drapery, which will be cut short or thinned out to awkwardness with the next turn of the wheel. Men just now may wear pretty patterns and bright colors of silk in their scarfs, and a bit of jewellery, which may be good in a small way as scarf ring or pin; but that is all the chance they have to show any love for beauty in their dress. It is not the fine art of dress which one cultivates in selecting the quietest of his tailor's cassimeres, and in insisting upon a medium style of cut for his dress-coat; and such bits of good sense as these are all, except the cravat, which the modern gentleman may indulge in.

But it seems possible that the inborn love of beauty of which Americans in these years are beginning to make a little more account might be directed toward this important matter of dress, by the influence of the masquerade and such other occasions of license in matters of garb as we

have named. Not that we expect any speedy good result from such means. But it is possible. Every man or woman who, with careful skill and trained taste, has prepared and wears a beautiful costume, even for one evening, may be doing a certain good work by it, may arouse a little the dormant love of beautiful clothes, may shake a little the barbarous throne of fashion, may give a hint to others how to dress a little more tastefully in spite of, or in modification of, the fashion. We recommend this book to those persons who have not within their reach better books of the same sort, as a collection of hints toward the preparation of beautiful dresses.

As regards the book itself, the costumes are drawn from several sources, not all of equal authority. Those of the Middle Ages are not of the richest, but rather of the least splendid and characteristic that might have been chosen. Those of the present time are interesting, and make one desire a work which might easily be prepared, and which would preserve all the fast-disappearing costumes of the outlying provinces of Germany and Italy. The lithographs are not fine nor delicate, and the book does not pass for a gift-book or a finely illustrated one, but only for a sort of school-book in the study of dress.

THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

THE magazines have become so numerous, and so much of their contents is almost necessarily padding, that we intend, in reviewing them hereafter, to speak only of the more valuable or striking articles—such as we shall presume our readers would, out of curiosity, or for profit, willingly read. Mr. Tennyson, this month, makes his first appearance, we believe, as a contributor to the *Atlantic*. His poem, published a month ago in *Good Words*, was copied from that source into many of our American papers, and has probably been already read with some pleasure by almost everybody. It is in finely finished verse, and is the presentation of a situation ingeniously painful. That we see the love of the mother, or, if one chooses to say so, the maternal instinct, triumphing over the fear of death and contriving self-sacrifice, is of itself enough to save the poem from producing the effect of horror merely. This escape is facilitated, we should say, partly by our perception of the mother's ingenuity and still more by a lack of vividness and force on the poet's part. Mr. Whittier and the anonymous writer of "Orion" furnish the rest of this month's poetry. "Orion" is not happy in thought or in the dress of the thought. "The Meeting" is in Mr. Whittier's best style, as regards the language and versification; some of the verses are notably felicitous in word and ideas—as, for instance, these, which the editors of the *Advance* will like better than the editors of the *Liberal Christian*:

"No cool philosopher to teach
His bland audacities of speech
To double-tasked idolaters,
Themselves their gods and worshippers."

It has numerous other verses, however, which will please Unitarians more than the orthodox. Every reader of good American poetry will know what we mean when we say that, substantially, the poem is an expression of Mr. Whittier's religious belief.

Mr. Parton, in an amusing article, justifies himself tolerably well for having discontinued smoking. He thinks his room is cleaner than it was in old times. That alone would be a good deal; but then, too, he has a better opinion of himself than he had formerly. He breathes foul air with far less inconvenience than during the thirty years in which he used the vegetable poison. His head aches less than it did once. His temper, he believes, is somewhat better than it used to be. If these things are so, perhaps he did well to forego the chief pleasure of the modern man. As for us others, we have now, we fancy, a sufficiently good opinion of ourselves. The present writer, for example, habitually looks at his individual self, decides forthwith that he has collected a sufficient number of facts for generalizing, and immediately proceeds to tell his fellow-creatures that a certain thing "does not pay," or the reverse. Then again most of us, we should say, have clean rooms already, and not many headaches, and are sufficiently good-tempered, and do not care to enjoy foul air or to be otherwise than offended by it. Tom Sayers, we imagine, would have been amused if he had read Mr. Parton's diatribe and thought of the cigars which he consumed up to the eve of Farnborough. And Mr. Blaikie, we dare say, will tell Mr. Parton that the racing crew which has "made the best time" yet made in this country was not totally debarred from smoking during the period of training. Doubtless, to go a little further, Mr. Blaikie will say also that the rowing-men do not, as a general thing, read Buckle or write Buckle to any great extent, and Buckle, as Mr. Parton tells us, wrote "the most valuable work of this century." So to be an abstainer from tobacco is not all. In fact, Mr. Parton argues from himself and from extreme cases of one sort and another, and makes wild statements of various kinds. We do not know what a man so incapable of making limitations would do if he could be at

the same time a man incapable of making limitations and a man of any imagination. Smoke himself to death, perhaps; do nothing at all with moderation; let uncorrected likes and dislikes lead him into odd opinions, and beguile him or drive him into passing judgments which are and must remain singular.

Mr. Dickens's "George Silverman's Explanation" goes on with an agreeably rapid movement towards the ending of it. "The Destructive Democracy," by an unknown author, is a very weak performance; for any effect it can have it might better have remained unwritten, for those readers whom its dulness does not repel will, by a natural—deplorable perhaps, but natural—reaction rebound towards the Democracy when they see in a Republican writer of some ability such blind misapprehension of the condition of political affairs. The Democracy is to be destructive by reason of what the Republicans fail to do, and, without the sacrifice of a principle, the party which fortunately has been in possession of power for the last seven years can keep itself in power. But denunciations of the Democracy or faithful histories of Democratic corruption are not going to give us the country next year. A little work on the revenue laws is to-day, the average voter thinks, worth perhaps several hundred thousand speeches, spoken or printed, on the enormous guilt of Davis and Lee.

Besides the prose and poetry above-mentioned, there is a clever article, by Mr. E. E. Hale, entitled "A Week in Sybaris," and jocosely satirical upon some of our modern municipal, social, and domestic inconveniences and follies; an essay about some Elizabethan dramatists, by Mr. Whipple; an essay by Dr. Hedge which is called "Characteristics of Genius;" and a neatly done little notice of Mr. Tuckerman's latest book. Mr. Henry James, Jr., writes "The Romance of Some Old Clothes," a tantalizing story which, when the end turns out trivial, is seen to be trivial altogether.

A story of a very different class is that one of Mr. James's which is finished in the February *Galaxy*. "The Story of a Masterpiece" is very well thought out, and is, so far as we remember, the best of Mr. James's. Within the somewhat narrow limits to which he confines himself, Mr. James is, we think, the best writer of short stories in America. He is never commonplace, never writes without knowing what he wants to do, and never has an incident or a character that is not in some way necessary to the production of such effects as he aims at. By-and-by, no doubt, he will write of something besides love, will leave off subtly analyzing flirtations. In the tale of which we speak, a man in love with a woman, who is probably all she should be—to use a common phrase—but perhaps not all she might be, learns, on the sight of a portrait, painted with insight by an old-time lover of hers, the woman's essential worthlessness. It is a good idea and, as we have said, well worked out.

Mrs. Yelverton writes a very slight article on the "British Marriage Law and Practice"—an article that makes a better figure in the advertisements of the magazine than in the magazine itself. Besides these writers, the *Galaxy* brings forward this month Mr. Clarence Cook, Mr. Grant White, Mr. George Wakeman, M. Pierre Blot, and Mr. George M. Towle. Mr. Towle gives a sad account of "French Clubs." "It is certainly true," he says, "that one with moral perception cannot remain comfortable in such a place a quarter of an hour;" and there is much more of the same sort, all of it to be taken *cum multis granis*. M. Blot is always amusing. Thus he speaks of the concomitants and consequents of "a good, nearly frozen Roman Punch:" "If well made, its refreshing qualities, together with the charming smiles of the ladies, profusely distributed right and left, and the amiable and gallant little phrases of the gentlemen, prepare every one to attack those most succulent of birds—quails." It is good news, by the way, that M. Blot talks of setting up a restaurant for down-town men of business. And if that philosopher of his acquaintance, who "had never seen a lady cut a meringue that did not enjoy it," and so much enjoy it that a smile of peculiar captivation passed over her face, would talk still further with M. Blot, and induce him to try saddle of horse and other equine dishes at the new tables, it would be an act worthy of himself as a man without prejudice, and one which M. Blot almost owes to a people whom he has even now partly emancipated.

Lippincott's for February—a better number than that for January—begins with more of Mrs. Harding Davis's painful novel. We see she makes an attempt at satire, and contrasts an over-wise, transcendental young collegian from New England with some West Virginians, stolid and solid. "The Christian Commission" tells of the soldiers several good stories, and one that is extraordinary. It is briefly this: A Federal soldier, wounded in the mouth at the battle of Resaca, was asked by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, of the Commission, if he would not have a drink. Intense thirst is the first sensation after a wound. The young fellow, whose name is unknown, declined the draught offered him, saying, "My mouth's all bloody, sir, and

it might make the canteen bad for the others." "Alaska" gives much new information about our northernmost territory, if, indeed, it is our northernmost. The article speaks of a new continent called Wrangel's Land, which was discovered last summer by an American, Captain Long, who sailed through Behring Straits to the northwest, and coasted a new country. The writer gives a very favorable account of Alaska, believes that its wood alone will make it of incalculable value to our Pacific States, and that it may in time—with its climate as mild in winter as that of New York—become a great seat of ship-building industry. An isothermal map accompanies the article. "European Affairs," which we conjecture to be by Louis Blanc, is of no great length, and not, perhaps, in quality quite equal to his reputation. It talks well, however, of the Italian and Mexican troubles, and of the Fenians in England. "Our Monthly Gossip" is of interest and value, and is evidently prepared by a writer possessed of some literary and a good deal of bibliographical knowledge. The poetry of this number is nowise remarkable.

So also of the poetry in this number of *Putnam's*. Some rhymed hexameters on "Broadway" have, however, this pretty good verse:

"A miss to whom life hath some charm since Don Giovanni is ours."

And enough like this:

"She's gone! what a princess-like gait has this blonde, so accustomed to Broadway." For prose, *Putnam's* has, like *Lippincott's*, an article on Fitz-Greene Halleck, who is talked about in a rather prosy way. It has also some extracts from a private journal never published, and never written in except now and then, kept by Fenimore Cooper. Cooper's strong sense is plainly visible in the few passages quoted, and so is his forcible, downright character. Of mixed prose and poetry, we have the paper on "Dante and his Latest Translators." The writer, in his remarks on the work of others, shows some critical ability, but again seems at times anything but acute or in possession of the poetical sense. He translates the inscription over the entrance into hell by verses which begin thus:

"Through me the path to place of wall,
Through me the path to endless sigh," etc.—

which seems to be hardly more English than Italian.

The "Book Notices" in *Putnam's* are not nearly so well done as in its equal-aged rival for public favor.

Hours at Home is fuller of Halleck than either *Putnam's* or *Lippincott's*, and, as regards a critical estimate of the poet, is much better and comes nearer to stating the poet's place than either of the others. Our own opinion of him has been freely offered. We may say we find it confirmed by these anecdotes of him which his acquaintances now put in print. Mr. James Greenwood's "Pen Poison" is written by a veteran writer for magazines. It tells of the contents of what are called "yellow-covered novels," and speaks of the matter and sale of them with indignation. But it is not so good as he ought to have made it; it is, indeed, commonplace. The Rev. F. M. Bird writes a biographical notice of an unknown hymn-writer, whom he praises highly. But he gives specimens of his work, by which it appears that Mr. Gill had but a poor notion of what a hymn is, and that he will hardly be saved from oblivion. Dr. Bushnell continues in this number of *Hours at Home* the series of papers on which he has been for many months engaged, and Mr. John D. Sherwood writes a better article than we have known him to write before, to which he gives the odd title of "Knobs of Travel."

Harper's has many tales—half a dozen or so—two illustrated papers, one about "A Summer on the Plains," and one by General Strothers, who this time tells about the march to Antietam and the battle there; an essay, entitled "Warfare of Modern Religious Thought," which we suspect as Dr. Osgood's; some chapters of Miss Mulock's new novel; and the usual quantity of "Monthly Record," "Editor's Drawer," and "Editor's Easy Chair." Dickens, and Railroad Conveniences—as Mr. Vanderbilt understands them and permits them to be purveyed in this part of the world—and Gifts for Christmas and New Year's are Mr. Curtis's themes this month. We must not forget to mention the best article in the February *Harper's*. It is a little collection of anecdotes of Governor Andrew, each one of which will deepen the public's sense of its loss.

"Couture's Book" is the pleasantest reading in the *Catholic World*. One hardly wonders at the enthusiasm with which his old pupils speak of him. His "Painting-Room Method and Conversations"—everybody calls it Couture's book, it is so naïvely full of himself and so much like him in speech—ought to be translated for students of art in this country. The *Catholic World* gives many extracts, and they constitute, as we have said, an entertaining article. "Paris Impious, and Religious Paris"—which

gives some account of Parisian charities—ought to be read together with Mr. Towle's lamentation above mentioned. Aubrey de Vere writes some of his less successful verses on the text, "Beati Mites," etc.; Argyll's "Reign of Law" is carefully reviewed from the Catholic point of view; the speech of Bishop Dupanloup at the Congress of Malines, in which he denounced so severely the project for erecting a monument to Voltaire, is translated at length; Father Lacordaire is eulogized, and there are other matters of less importance—among them this, which appropriately follows directly after the praise of the new Dominican: "A certain old man determined that he would drink nothing for forty days. Whenever he was tormented by burning thirst he took a vessel, and, having filled it with water, placed it before him. And when his brethren asked him why he did this, he answered: 'In order that, seeing what I greatly desire, and yet not tasting it, my suffering may be the more intense, and hence that the reward which God shall give me may be the greater.'" He was one of the fathers of the desert.

Recent Republications.—In spite of the already numerous works on the same subject, we are disposed to welcome the appearance in a more permanent form of Dr. Burt's letters from the East to the *Cincinnati Gazette*.* They are the unpretentious record of a traveller whose interest in his journey seldom becomes enthusiasm, and whose language is never rhapsodical. His observations, however, are frequently newer than could be expected in so well-studied a field, and we presume his conjectures as to the real location of Scriptural places and events are worth something among others. We do not remember a Nile tourist who exhibits more plainly or more feelingly that intimacy with the sky which must result from the monotony of the river scenery; the colors of morning and evening are noted, if not with warmth, at least with apparent precision—which, perhaps, is to be said of all Dr. Burt's descriptions. He is also the first, so far as we know, to set down the music of the boatmen of the Nile, which has been often alluded to, and sometimes in comparison with that of the blacks of the Sea Islands. The sketch maps, which are fitted to the size of the page and bound in with the text, are another feature of this volume in which it surpasses more enduring and valuable works. The wood-cuts are of less account. Dr. Burt says (p. 195), speaking of Egypt:

"In the matter of taxes it is estimated that, notwithstanding all the measures devised to secure to the Government the full amount of taxes levied on the people, at least one-half of the whole sum paid by the people stops short of the public treasury—in the hands of intermediate agents."

Should his book reach a second edition, the author might quote, in a foot-note to this passage, Mr. Commissioner Wells's belief that in this country "not over fifty per cent. of the amount of the internal revenue taxes is received in the national Treasury." This in turn might suggest a note on the futility of Ismail Pasha's device for saving more of the revenue—establishing a constitutional form of Government.

If the debate between Romanism and Protestantism—the principles as well as the systems—were to end as soon as either party should be content to forego the last word, a stout pamphlet of 128 pages reviving it† might be deemed untimely and inconsiderate. Undoubtedly, political equality, free public education under Protestant auspices, and a national rule which compels sectarian toleration, are forces which must in time either destroy Catholicism in this country or essentially change its nature. But it is our misfortune that this form of religion has been imported and is sustained chiefly by one class of immigrants, whose numbers and whose ignorance together have made them courted as a political power, and secured immunity and even homage for their common profession. Catholicism has thus a bulwark against the corroding action of our institutions, and behind it may grow strong enough, at least in certain localities, some day to hazard a struggle for supremacy. Proof of the metamorphosis (perhaps only external) which it is undergoing here, and also of its inability to succeed in an open encounter, when undertaking to deny its transformation, is contained in the interesting discussion in *Cincinnati*, to which we have already once or twice alluded, between Rev. Thomas Vickers and Archbishop Purcell. This was partly conducted in sermons, and partly through the press of the city, the archbishop using his brother's paper for his own arguments, but never printing therein the rejoinder of his adversary, although the

Gazette regularly presented both sides. It is Mr. Vickers, of course, who gathers up all the articles, and publishes them for the public verdict, and we have only to add that a more complete discomfiture than that which befell the would-be liberal and yet obedient archbishop is rarely to be met with. His attempts to maintain at once the immutability and uniformity of Church doctrines, and his own incautious utterances in oblivion of the Encyclical, are as amusing as the "Comedy of Convocation;" and if the members of the Established Church can take any comfort from so unevangelical a champion as Mr. Vickers, we advise them to purchase and enjoy his pamphlet. The appendix contains the Encyclical and Syllabus of Dec. 8, 1864, in the original Latin, with a faithful translation by Mr. Vickers himself.

My Prisons. Memoirs of Silvio Pellico. (Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1868).—Silvio Pellico, a young Italian poet, was arrested at Milan by the Austrian authorities, in October, 1820, and spent the succeeding ten years of his life in various prisons, the fortress of Spielberg being that in which he remained longest and suffered most severely. His arrest was occasioned by the publication of certain articles in the *Conciliatore*, a Liberal newspaper, published at Milan, with which he was connected. He was at first condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to "fifteen years severe imprisonment." At the end of ten years he was released.

In 1831 "My Prisons" was first published in Italian, and it has since been frequently translated into other languages. It possessed certain features which of necessity rendered it popular. As the work of a man who had suffered in the cause of freedom, it was eagerly welcomed by the Liberals of Europe. The ecclesiastics, also, who create and destroy so many reputations on inadequate and factitious grounds, took this book under their protection. It stood well, moreover, on its own merits. As a poet, Pellico would never have addressed a wide circle of readers, but the accident of his imprisonment furnished him with the material and the occasion for a simple and pathetic record of personal experience under the severest trials, which appeals, as such records must always appeal, to the sympathy of all readers. That the interest of the work is purely biographical and limited, that it awakens no emotions except sympathy and compassion, and teaches no lessons save resignation and faith, and teaches these in a certain restricted sense, seem to us sufficient reasons for demurring to the title of "world-classic" which Mr. Epes Sargent gives it, but, of course, do not interfere with its rightful claim to popularity.

The book is, perhaps, chiefly remarkable for its omissions. A good deal of clap-trap, even, might have been pardoned a man who for ten years had suffered unjust imprisonment; but Pellico neither invokes liberty nor inveighs against tyranny. Prudence probably enjoined this reticence, but Pellico's artistic sense no doubt confirmed the decision. At all events, the silence is suggestive, and the unemphasized story is willingly supplemented by the reader. A still further reason for his moderation might be found in the fact that he was an exceedingly good specimen of the Christian optimist. On the first night of his incarceration he embraced Christianity, in which, he says, he had previously only half believed. He turned instinctively, however, to its consolations, and they never failed him. He accepted the sufferings as a just punishment for his sins and a necessary discipline for his soul; and so believing, to have expressed wrath against the appointed instruments in his perfection would have been out of character.

That it is possible to live well even in a palace, we know from Marcus Aurelius. The problem is probably more difficult in a prison. There privation cannot wear the garb of self-sacrifice, the charm of willing to assume a difficult post must be foregone, the prisoner seems to be the sport of men and not of natural forces, and cannot help wasting upon them a certain amount of unphilosophical anger. It would be unfair to expect from such an unnatural condition of life the best results of which life is capable. The tests are not only more than ordinarily severe, but both mind and body are in a morbid condition, to which healing and consolation are of the first importance. Yet, laboring under disadvantages so immense, Pellico proved himself a man worthy of the sincerest respect and sympathy. Suffering taught him some of its best lessons, and the miserable years of imprisonment which wasted his youth failed to rob him of his love for literature, his belief in human virtue, and his faith in God.

The Story of My Childhood. By Mme. J. Michelet. Translated from the French by Mary Frazier Curtis. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867).—This little story of Madame Michelet's is so delightfully told that one might quote with pleasure from almost every page, and yet its beauty is so purely formal that one forgets to sympathize with the childish sorrows it

* "The Far East; or, Letters from Egypt, Palestine, and Other Lands of the Orient. By N. C. Burt, D.D." Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1868.

† "The Roman Catholic Church and Free Thought. A Controversy between Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, and Thomas Vickers, Minister of the First Congregational Church of the same City," etc., etc. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

delineates, because they afforded such pretty material for the adult imagination to work into shape. It is autobiographical in form, but there is, properly speaking, no central figure; the interest does not centre in the neglected child and her doll, but scatters on a thousand diverse points. The child is, indeed, but the connecting link which binds together certain lovely little pictures of French rural life; she has no such strong personality as Marjorie Fleming, or, to take an instance from pure fiction, as Maggie Tulliver, beside whose genuine humanity this little French maid becomes almost as artificial as her doll itself. Her experiences are doubtless genuine, but one can't help feeling that the book owes quite as much to its author's artistic power and her imagination as to her memory.

The story might, however, be wholly fictitious and yet lose none of its value. One reading by no means exhausts its resources as a pleasure-giver; it is so simple, so graceful, it reproduces with such delicately vivid strokes the peculiar charm of French domestic life that one lingers over its pages with renewed delight. In France the gods of the hearth are not so heavy-footed as in England, nor so redolent of beef and pudding; home life there, as it is painted in this book, and in a charming little tale by Madame Sartoris, called "A Week in a French Country House," has a singular and poetic grace.

Madame Michelet introduces us to a family of moderate wealth and good social position, living in the south of France. We see the studious father; the mother, grave and severe, lenient to her two elder children, but stern and unsympathetic with the younger ones; the elder sister, devoted to housekeeping and her doll; the rough and mischievous brothers; the picturesque servants, and, finally, the solitary little girl whose infancy was passed away from home, and whose childhood found but one friend, her father, and but one consolation, her doll. This doll, by the way, is an old friend of ours. We recognize in it and its mistress the heroine of a chapter in "La Femme," entitled "Love at Five Years: The Doll." The owner of that doll, indeed, died broken-hearted at the loss of her rag-baby, and madame, on the contrary, survived to write the history of hers; but M. Michelet probably felt that so much might be conceded to the claims of sentiment. It is not, however, the sentiment of this book which constitutes its charm. The child might as well have been born of the ideal mother in "La Femme," and cradled in love from her infancy, since her little miseries and infrequent joys are matters of minor importance. They are told by a woman who recognizes in their gentle melancholy a charming background against which to sketch her delicate bits of landscape—her harvest scenes, her rustic interiors. It was an artistic problem merely, which her success solves satisfactorily. What could be better in its way than this, and how little of its charm does it owe to the age or sex, the happiness or unhappiness of its narrator?

"The grandeur and poetry of our autumn come with October. At the close of this beautiful month a melancholy silence settles on the country. The leaves are falling, not by the frost, but from exhaustion, after the long summer. The soil is full of the warm, pelting rains of the equinoctial storm. Little clouds hang just above the meadows, and follow the streams. When the sun has not power enough to lift them in the morning, they are condensed in fogs upon our valley. We ran out to play at losing ourselves in this sea of white vapor. What remained of the world? Nought but gossamer threads and the sound of our own footsteps.

"At noonday came a change, and bright rays pierced the thick veil. The sun transformed the clouds to glory, then vanished away, and left a pure blue sky, soft light, and slumbrous calm in the air. One would gladly have dreamed away the day; but it was essential to make haste, and profit by these sweet afternoons. My brothers helped to shake down nuts, and collect leaves for enriching the soil. I had to gather in the last of the seeds, and spread them out to dry. My mother and sister went to the weaver to set up the web of some new linen. . . . There were no holidays at the farm in these times: the tillage and planting were to be done. We were glad to see the pale-colored stubble of the fields turned over at last, and the great oxen dragging loads of manure. Towards evening we followed the gigantic shadow of the old woman who cast the seeds into the furrow. She saw us not: she went and came like a spirit. Her action was almost sublime, as she walked hand in hand with destiny. She seemed to say to the earth, 'I give: receive thou.'"

The book is translated into very easy and flexible English, which retains the spirit of the original as well as its substance.

O-Kee-pa; a Religious Ceremony, and other Customs of the Mandans. By George Catlin. With thirteen colored illustrations. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.)—Much more than other sciences does the science of man depend upon a multiplicity of observations, and upon a due regard to all the phenomena, not excepted those which correspond to earthquakes and rattlesnakes. Ought the author of *O-Kee-pa* to have stopped when he had

proved that the Mandans had, more than any other Indians, a distinct tradition of the Flood, and celebrated annually the retreat of the waters with the same emblems of the event that are cherished by Christendom—an effigy of the Ark, a willow (for an olive) twig, a "medicine" bird, and a representative of Noah himself, painted white? We decidedly think not. We do not know why he should have spared the details of the cruel ordeal of the braves, and the disgusting rites of the Feast of the Buffaloes, which were always joined with the propitiatory sacrifice to the Great Spirit against a second deluge. We think he would have done wrong and not right to suppress the facts. We have a right to know the fate of the Princess de Lamballe or the secrets of the Rathhaus of Nürnberg or the history of the Duke of Alva or of slavery on the Sea Islands or of the extremest forms of religious fanaticism in any age and in any part of the world. All we can require of the historian is that he shall add no ferocity or grossness of his own to that of his narrative; and in this respect Mr. Catlin is certainly faultless. Those who are offended by the realism of his text will, of course, be shocked by the fidelity of his illustrations, which, if not models of drawing and coloring, probably convey a very exact impression of the scenes and characters of the story. The part which discusses the origin of the white strain in the Mandan blood is perfectly unobjectionable, and the author's theory is at least plausible. He likens their wigwams to the rude cabins of the mountain peasantry of Wales, their pottery and beads to Welsh products of the present day, their canoes to the Welsh coracle; and their name he finds pure Welsh for *red dye*. Several words in their dialect bear a striking resemblance to the Welsh, e.g., *Maho-Peneta* (Great Spirit) to *W. Mawr-Penathir*.

Greek Elements; including the most useful Roots, Derivatives, and Inflections. Compiled by J. H. Allen, Cambridge, Mass. (Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.)—"These tables," Mr. Allen tells us, "are an attempt to bring into a single view those parts of the grammar and dictionary which are of the most constant and tedious reference." They contain a brief synopsis of Greek syntax, the most usual inflections, and a list of the more common roots. If we were disposed to criticise an attempt which has our hearty sympathy, we might perhaps except to a somewhat loose classification in the third division of the genitive, and to one or two other points of minor importance. Although these tables seem to us too brief, and therefore necessarily too imperfect, to be of much substantial use in their present form, yet we hope they may effect more important service in calling attention to the want now widely felt among intelligent teachers of a thorough reform in the present system of teaching Greek and Latin. Many of the objections to classical study which have been urged so earnestly of late by the advocates of the scientific as opposed to the classical system of instruction might be avoided, and many more might be satisfactorily answered if we could have brief compends, of about one-fourth the size of our present grammars, of the elements of Greek and Latin grammar. Mr. Allen, in common with the best teachers everywhere, has doubtless felt this want, and we earnestly hope that before another year has passed either he, or some other competent person, will undertake this much-needed work.

Condensed French Instruction; consisting of Grammar and Exercises, with Cross References. By C. D. Delille. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.)—This is an excellent elementary text-book, consisting of a brief French grammar, followed by a series of exercises in English and French, with constant references to the grammatical principles which the exercises illustrate. The author has shown much discrimination in the selection of these exercises, which seem chosen with the double purpose of furnishing a useful vocabulary to the beginner and of bringing out the most important principles of grammar. The grammatical portion of the book is excellently arranged, the principles clearly stated, and the verb, the *pièce de résistance* for young scholars, carefully arranged, is placed most conveniently at the end. Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt publish in the same series, as an elementary reading book, Jean Macé's "Histoire d'une bouchée de pain," designed to take the place which "Le Grand-Père" has so long occupied, and most certainly deserving to supplant it. The style is light, conversational, and idiomatic. Much scientific information is conveyed in an agreeable form. The book is supplied with a vocabulary and a list of the French idioms employed, and forms a natural and suitable companion to the grammar mentioned above. It has received the prize of the French Commission of Instruction, and we can confidently recommend it, together with the grammar, to the attention of teachers and students.

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